Modern Life

WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED "Modern Man."

CLEVERLY ILLUSTRATED, WITTY AND BRIGHT.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 13th, 1913. (Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.) ONE PENNY.

OFF · COLOUR.

Modern Life

No. 19. Week ending September 13. One Penny.

EDITORIAL OFFICES:—Farringdon House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C. Telephone, City 6865.
PUBLISHING DEPARTMENT:—Farringdon House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C. Telephone, City 6865.
ADVERTISING DEPARTMENT:—Farringdon House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C. Telephone, City 6865.
ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTION, 8/8; for six months, 4/4; for three months, 2/2. Subscriptions are to be forwarded to the Publishing Department at above address.
NOTICE TO CONTRIBUTORS:—The Editor is at all times ready to consider good topical articles and short stories (not to exceed 1,500 words). Humorous and topical sketches (line drawings) will also be considered. Stamped envelope should be enclosed. The Editor does not hold himself responsible for the accidental loss of any contribution submitted on approval.

ROYAL AND SOCIETY NEWS.

(Exclusive to "Modern Life.")

Princess Henry and Scotland.

One reads funny things about Royalty nowadays. Mr. Mandeville's paper asks "Why Princess Henry of Battenberg has kept away from Scotland for the past twelve years?" It would be a little difficult to answer that question; but at the moment the handsomest of our Princesses is enjoying herself very much indeed on the other side of the Tweed, and it is rumoured that she intends to make "a long stay." Most of the Battenbergers are with Her Royal Highness on Deeside. The King has given Abergeldie Castle to his aunt for her stay in the Highlands, and from there the Princess and her sons make trips to the noble residences round about, and have a real good time. One of their recent trips was to the Mackenzies at Brackley. Sir Victor Mackenzie is very popular with the Royalties, and as he is a smart young Guardsman, with one of Lord Knollys's daughters for sister-in-law, he is allowed to provide the First Family with entertainment whenever they desire it.

In days of yore, of course, the Battenbergs used to spend most of the autumn in the Isle of Wight, of which Princess Henry is still "Governnor," though she got rid of Osborne Cottage and has practically severed her connection with the Garden Isle. But in the days of Queen Victoria she used to spend months on end in Scotland, and, in consequence, she conceived a passion for Scotland as a girl which has lasted through life. It is expected, therefore, that in future she will pass a great deal of her time in the Highlands, where her sons can get first-rate sport, now that they are grown up, and want to shine as *shikaris*. It has been a rare occurrence for Princess Henry to miss an annual trip to Scotland, and the suggestion that Her Royal Highness has not been in Scotland for twelve years is—well, like most of the matter in the journal which published it.

* * *

King Manoel and His Bride to be Royally Feted in England.

I hear that King George and Queen Mary have decided to give a State ball at Buckingham Palace in honour of the wedding of King Manoel and Princess Augustina Victoria of Hohenzollern-Sigmaringen. This will be a unique event in this country, as no State Ball has ever been given in honour of a foreign monarch not in actual occupation of his throne. By-the-way, there still seems to be almost complete ignorance on the part of the newspaper people of the actual position of the Portuguese exile. A prominent daily paper has just published an article from its Berlin correspondent on the subject of the forthcoming marriage, which is a tissue of misstatements. For instance, it is alleged that "All sorts of minute questions of etiquette are being raised as a result of the fact that King Manoel is now only a courtesy King." Also "The Prince of Hohenzollern has given assurances that there will be no 'King across the water' toasts; and Manoel, it is said, will be described in settlements and marriage service as 'King Manoel,' without any mention of the scene of his Kingship." Which, of course, he will. The position of the Portuguese exile precisely the same as every other monarch who has b dethroned.

Having actually reigned, and being the son of a K who "died in harness," the only son of Queen Amelie i actuality "King Manoel" not "Ex"-King Manoel, only "Ex-King of Portugal." The principle is "Once a K always a King." A General continues to be a General a his retirement, as he was before. A doctor, having ta his degree, is a doctor, whether he practises or not. Sc is with kings. Kingship is a trade, or guild, though it r seem sacrilege to some to say it. King Edward said however, and insisted upon the rights of his guild. Let quote the occasion. I do so on the authority of Mr. Edw Legge.

* * *

The Guild of the Kings.

In the summer of 1903, the King of Servia and Ministers were straining every nerve to re-establish dip matic relations with this country, which had been broken owing to the assassination of King Alexander and Qu Draga on June 2nd. As King Peter of Servia was on g terms with Russia, and as Queen Helena of Italy is sister-in-law, the Russian and Italian Ambassadors in Lond were instructed to exert their influence with our Governm on the subject of the diplomatic relations between Ser and England. They were accorded an audience, and ma their representations to His Majesty, who replied, à *près*, as follows: "I much regret indeed that I cannot com with your suggestions. The assassination of King Alexan and Queen Draga on June 2nd, 1903, was so terrible that made a deep impression on public opinion in Englan *Mon metier à moi est d'être Roi*. King Alexander was al by his *metier*, 'un Roi.' As you see, we belonged to t same guild as labourers or professional men. I cannot indifferent to the assassination of a member of my pr fession, or, if you like, a member of my guild. I regret, b you see that I cannot do what you wish me to do!" And was not for years after that His Majesty would allow dip matic relations to be resumed between this country an Servia.

* * *

Queen Alexandra's Faux Pas.

Considering how carefully King Edward stood by h "guild," it is not a little curious that Queen Alexandra, widow, should have committed such a *faux pas* in describin the bridegroom-to-be on the cup she gave him as "My do Manoel, *King of Portugal*." Had King George committe this error, it might have caused considerable trouble Lisbon, but in the case of Queen Alexandra it is a pardonable breach, and may be put down to womanly prom ness to error in such matters. True, Manoel may live to again King of Portugal (a highly probable contingency, w should imagine!), but the fact remains that when Quee Alexandra's cup was presented to him he was *not* King o Portugal, which country has become a Republic.

* * *

The Family of King Manoel's Bride.

In regard to the status of King Manoel's bride, the daily paper previously referred to is even more erratic. It tells us that "The Sigmaringen branch of the Hohenzollerns is the senior, but it has never had Royal rank. It lost princely rank in 1849, when Prussia acquired the little principality, and since then the Princes of Hohenzollern have had about the same rank as sixty other princely families who were 'mediatised' at the time of the Vienna Congress." All of which is the veriest nonsense. There is no Royal house in Europe so cocksure of its position as the Hohenzollern Sigmaringens. We need not trace the family of Hohenzollern through the seven hundred years of their greatness. Suffice it to say that all that happened in 1849 was that the Sigmaringen branch wisely handed their two little principalities (where they had ruled for centuries as despots) over to their bigger relation, Prussia, in order that their own high position might be unassailable by extinction in war, just as many of the rajahs of India have come under British protection at their own desire, to save themselves from extinction or murder by the rajahs around them.

* * *

Very Highly Connected.

No princess in Europe is more "highly connected" than the bride-to-be of King Manoel. Her great-uncle is King Charles of Roumania, and her uncle, Prince Ferdinand, heir to the Roumanian throne. Her aunt, Princess Frederique of Sigmaringen, married the late Count of Flanders, and became the mother of the present King of the Belgians. The German Kaiser is, of course, the head of

"You confounded idiot! You just missed killing me by about an inch."
"So sorry!"

...nior branch of the Hohenzollern family. And Princess ...eline's future husband is her own second cousin, for ...s grandmother, who still lives, was own sister to King ...s Augustine be the first Princess of Sigmaringen to ...Germany as the bride of a King of Portugal, so that ...estions of precedent or etiquette have already been ...ed as to the position of the Sigmaringen family in rela... to the Royalties of Europe, and do not require to be ... again.

* * *

...ng Earl's Hard Luck.

...one could help sympathising with Lord Stradbroke, ...erty peer, who lies at death's door at his seat in ... The Earl of Stradbroke has been "on his back" ...best part of a year, but some months ago he got ...on more, and was believed to be well on the way to ...y. Few members of the Peerage have had such ...us escapes from death at home and abroad as the ...of the Rous family. Lord Stradbroke is highly thought ...the neighbourhood of Henham Hall, Suffolk, as for ...years before his accession the shooting had been let ...ngers, and the late peer and his countess lived in ...est possible style. Now all the hospitable associa... of Henham have been revived, and as Lord and Lady ...broke are very go-ahead people times have been livelier ...corner of Suffolk than ever they were before. ...Stradbroke is one of the beauties of English Society, ...ly devoted to her husband, and his constant com... in all his sporting expeditions. Henham is full of ...ities which have fallen to the guns of Lord or Lady ...broke; and, except lions, they have secured specimens ...of the important animals of the Dark Continent. ...George and Queen Mary were the guests of the ...okes at Henham in 1906, when large clearings were ...in the woods, so that His Majesty (then Prince of ...should have first-rate sport, and, though he is an ...g shot, King George had no cause to complain of the sport provided him. Lord Stradbroke had a bad attack of malaria while shooting in Uganda over a year ago, and had to come home. He has been seriously ill ever since, except for a few weeks in May, with acute inflammation of the liver, and Suffolk is very sorry for him.

SOCIETY QUERIES.

Whether the Hanover Square costumier who tried to make Queen Mary wear a very near approach to a hobble skirt will get any more orders. And the precise words Her Majesty used about the costume when she surveyed herself in her boudoir glass?

Whether it was not in accordance with the English principle of sticking up for dispossessed monarchs that His Majesty did King Manoel the highest honour by sending the Prince of Wales as his representative at the wedding at Sigmaringen?

And whether the numerous German princesses whom His Royal Highness has met are aware that the bride for the Prince has been fixed up years ago?

Whether Mr. John Lavery will ever again be allowed to paint members of the Royal Family? And what the Prince of Wales said when he saw himself as Mr. Lavery saw him in the Royal Academy?

Why Lady Hardinge has allotted 15,000 rupees out of her 99,000 rupee Fund for Women to a church for the new city of Delhi? And how many Hindu women there are in Delhi who are Christians, or who will require the new church?

Whether the split in the ducal family at Goodwood is healed yet, and whether Sir John Cotterell's injured feelings have been softened by the King's kindly inquiries after his well-fare and that of Lady Evelyn Cotterell at Goodwood?

Who will be selected to cicerone the Prince of Wales upon his forthcoming tour of the Empire? And whether the Duke of Devonshire is not rather funking the job, which is certain to be his if he wants it?

PLAIN SPEAKING.

Keir Hardie and the Queenie Gerald Case.

The gutters of London—and particularly in the West End, o' nights—have been invaded recently by vendors of a pamphlet written by Mr. Keir Hardie, M.P., and entitled "The Queenie Gerald Case. A Public Scandal. White Slavery in a Piccadilly flat. An Exposure." The pamphlet is being sold—in the West End at any rate—as an example of pornographic literature, most of the gutter-merchants suggesting, if not exactly saying, that it contains salacious details of a nature which do not usually find their way into print, and so far as we can judge the sale has been very considerable indeed. As a commercial speculation, then, the pamphlet has doubtless been a success. It seems to us worth while to consider briefly whether its other objects are likely to be achieved—if indeed any good purpose can be attained by a document so unconvincing.

* * *

Mr. Keir Hardie's Mission.

Mr. Keir Hardie has been somewhat under a cloud in recent months. His position nowadays as a Labour leader is exceedingly insecure. He is not regarded as a prophet in the land. Even his eccentricities of attire have become mere commonplaces and do not bring that wind of publicity which is as breath in the nostrils of a demagogue. Like other Labour leaders he has become tainted with the odour of "respectability"—the comfortable *bourgeoiserie* which goes with the possession of a regular salary of £400 a year. Further, anything which hints at "White Slavery" has become a splendid "talking point" of late. (Have we not had a plethora of lurid, melodramatic, highly-coloured novels and cinema films dealing with the subject, and have not the militant suffragettes, with their acute eye for self-advertisement, also somewhat dilatorily adopted the White Slavery cry as one of the most effective planks in their platform?) Mr. Keir Hardie, with glowing reminiscences of the fame accruing to Mr. W. T. Stead from his celebrated "Maiden Tribute," has been unable to resist the temptation, and has plunged into the fray. Strong convictions on the subject he undoubtedly has—so strong, indeed, that he has allowed them to obscure his judgment—but he is too astute not to have appreciated the possibility of the increased popularity among the rank and file of his party which is likely to follow from the stirring-up of class hatred by his suggestion of "the powerful and far-reaching agencies which are at work to lure our maidens from the path of virtue" at the call and behest of "rich scoundrels" who are shielded by "the authorities" (useful phrase!), from punishment for their vicious courses.

* * *

What the Pamphlet Contains.

It is unnecessary to remark that the Queenie Gerald—or "Piccadilly Flat"—case has caused much perturbation among thoughtful men. The details of the case, or such of them were made public, are sufficiently fresh in the mind to need no recapitulation, and the air of London has been dark with rumours as to this or that prominent man whose name would be found in the list of the woman's "clients." Mr. Hardie, in his pamphlet, fines these rumours down to a "Prince, foreign, of course," a Duke, and a Sandhurst cadet. As to the former he quotes a letter (or a copy of a letter) written by the woman to one of her touts—"Your friend wishing to meet a few Society ladies, I can arrange for three for Sunday. They are the real thing and frightfully expensive. Will you ask the Prince what he is prepared to give." The Sandhurst cadet is said to have written for "a virgin"—and the Duke does not figure in the pamphlet, except that (says Mr. Hardie) everyone believes there is a Duke in the case. Mr. Keir Hardie does not advance the merest tittle of evidence against any of these personages; he says nothing to demonstrate that there is any evidence—legal evidence—against Queenie Gerald, but he insistently demands that the woman shall be prosecuted on the charge of being a procuress, and that all names of men found in the woman's books shall be made public—as an example *pour décourager les autres*.

* *

Is there any Legal Evidence?

We are inclined to believe, with Mr. Keir Hardie, that the convicted woman was a procuress, or a professed procuress. Nowadays the trade is only possible for women, and even then at very great risk. The risk is, indeed, so great and the penalties so severe that a woman who carries on the hideous business successfully for any length of time, as this woman apparently did, must be exceptionally astute. Thus we have no hesitation in believing Mr. McKenna when he declares that—after perusal of all the documents—he believes there is not sufficient evidence to secure a conviction on the charge of procuration. Naturally! It does seem to us that Mr. Keir Hardie is allowing his feelings and his class prejudice to run away with him when, with no more information at his disposal than any of the rest of us, he shrieks in Parliament and out for the disclosure of all the names noted in the ledgers, cash books and diaries found at the flat. There is too much of an "A la lanterne! A bas les aristocrats" ring about the pamphlet to carry conviction. Mr. Hardie's suggestion is that the names should be made public, that the police should institute a comprehensive campaign against the owners of these names (which may be genuine or borrowed), should call in handwriting experts, examine every scrap of writing found in the flat ("nameless letters," to quote the pamphlet), should obtain in some way or other genuine specimens of the handwritings for purposes of comparison—in short, should embark upon a wide-reaching, extremely expensive research which would eventually put in the dock everybody who might, could, would, or should have entered the notorious Piccadilly flat for any purpose whatsoever. It seems a rather tall order!

* *

The Exaggerations of Mr. Keir Hardie and Others.

Frankly, we are rather tired of the White Slavery cry and—to use a colloquialism—we imagine Mr. Keir Hardie has "missed the 'bus." For the sake of self-advertisement he has flung himself into a controversy which has already killed itself by exaggeration and over-statement. The very thought of the betrayal by force of innocent girls into vice stirs the blood and the emotions. Unfortunately, it also seems to stir the imagination, and it would not be too much to say that there is not a single one of the books, so profusely pamphlets, leaflets or cinema films, so very large part of lately, which can be accepted without a very large grain of salt indeed. Nobody who is frequently in the streets of London at nights would dispute that the number of women who ply the streets is greater than it has ever been before, and that the average age of these women is less than it was twenty years ago. But that does not prove that the white slave traffic is more prevalent than it used to be—with respect to Mr. Keir Hardie and other apostles of the theory. The causes are far deeper and far more difficult of discovery and of cure. Apart from the inherent frailty of human nature we are inclined to ascribe as one important contributing factor the spread of education and the

Questions of the Hour: "Do we eat too much?"

She: "They say marriage is a lottery."
He: "Quite so! But if a fellow could only buy a dozen tickets ——.

e of newspaper reading. Thousands of girls of the classes read of the doings and the luxuries of society; re provided by halfpenny newspapers with pictures drive home the contrast with their own existence, and e repeatedly told of the rich harvest which may be d in the oldest of professions. To escape a life of rvation and brutal labour they sell their bodies, and that the trade of procuration, if it exists in any con- ble degree, which we doubt, is carried on with willing . To minimise prostitution it must be made possible men to earn a decent living in other ways, and any which might possibly follow if Mr. Keir Hardie's and innuendos were true and provable up to the hilt be as a mere drop in the ocean.

* * *

able Results of the Pamphlet.

of course the easiest thing in the world to write tearful udes on this important and unsavoury subject. Mr. e proves that—if proof were needed. But in this country o not allow our emotions to get the better of our sense rness, and we fail to see how any fair-minded man or can support the demand to pillory the alleged ds of alleged customers of the woman Gerald by because their names, *in the woman's hand-* g, were found on the premises. Not that such a it may be anticipated. Now that Mr. Keir Hardie has his fling and secured his advertisement no doubt the will be allowed to expire peacefully. He has at te succeeded in suggesting to the thousands who have his pamphlet that "Princes and Dukes and Sandhurst are steeped in vice, which suggestion will doubt- encourage his working-men followers to show their eriority to the hated "upper classes." Perhaps!

* * *

e Jack Johnson Controversy.

he threatened appearance of Jack Johnson on a London y stage has been a perfect godsend to some of the p newspapers, who have managed to secure reams of "copy"—some of it very cheap—from all sorts of le who consider they have a right to express an opinion the subject—as they are in the habit of doing on lots other subjects they know nothing about. We don't wish y much about the affair, as we imagine the public are g tired of it, but it is rather curious to note the two l attitudes. Either we are to accept Johnson as an ocent angel who has been malignantly pursued by fiendish Americans thirsting for his blood—and all because he beat Jeffries; or we must believe he is a debaucher of innocent white women, and a villain of the deepest dye. Our own opinion is somewhat between the two. We regard Johnson as a negro of more than the usual cunning, and with a double dose of Yankee blatancy, who has been spoiled by the adulation of depraved and shameless white women until he has come to regard himself as a Sultan with the fair sex, and as one of the most important people in the world generally. Colour prejudice apart his "act" is worth little in itself. As a scientific exposition of boxing Pedlar Palmer or any of the light and feather-weight boxers would put up a show of very much greater value. In this connection we should like to ask Mr. Tozer, chairman of the music-halls concerned, what were the exact terms last time Johnson appeared, and what are the terms for the present engagement. For ourselves we prefer brains to brawn on the stage any day in the week, and would like to see all music-hall "turns" booked entirely and purely on their merits.

* * *

An Ingenious Nut.

One of London's nuts has succeeded in achieving fame—that lasting fame which comes from having a photograph published in the *Daily Mirror* for the admiration of nurse-girls and lady typists—by a decidedly original plan. He is the founder, or at any rate the honorary secretary, of a new society known as the Courtesy League. Its members are apparently tired of the obscurity of a bank clerk's desk, and the admiration only of Upper Tooting, and have decided to adventure into the great world and emulate the deeds of the knights of old. Their object is to attain "calmness of thought," "equipose of mind in times of difficulty," "patience" and "strength of character." Well, we do not doubt that these ingenious, and ingenuous, young men will need all these fine qualities, for their outdoor life is to be spent in seeking London's statues and "playing the giddy goat" in front of them. "The distinguishing mark of a member," we learn, "is that on passing a statue in the street he shall face it, doff his hat and bow low to the ground." After this performance he will, of course, have the immediate opportunity to exercise all the qualities named in making his escape from a jeering crowd. At any rate the Courtesy Leaguers will have the unique distinction of being the only people who pay any reverence to London's statues, which are the laughing-stock of the artistic, and have hitherto met with little but derision from anybody.

OUR PROTEAN CHAUFFEUR.

"Of course," said my wife, "we can't have everything."

This seemed at once so reasonable and humane that I hastened to assent. "Just as well to leave a little for the rest of the world," I agreed.

The truth was, you see, that I had inherited one of those misguided legacies that are just large enough to stir up one's ambitions without enabling one to gratify them. Hence Vera's modest remark that we couldn't have everything; the statement, I think, would have been rather clever had it not been perhaps a shade obvious.

"But at least we can manage a car—a small car," she said hopefully.

"I doubt it. Cars want managing—and you can scarcely manage even the cook," I reminded her unkindly.

"Ah! the cook," said Vera, dreamily, too absorbed to even resent my implied slur. "Nowadays one can get really reliable butler-chauffeurs. They combine the two duties, you know: clean the boots and knives and windows ——"

"And take out babies in their spare time," I interjected. "But surely they do the mangling and attend to the garden? Otherwise I don't see how they keep awake all day."

Vera managed everything. She bought the car (I was ashamed to). It was a nice little thing, so the man in the shop assured us—a "runabout" he called it. The subtle irony of this pet-name dawned on us later, when we saw to whom it applied! It looked as though its father had been a wheelbarrow and its mother a sewing-machine, but as no pedigree was supplied this is mere idle conjecture.

Vera engaged the chauffeur. Detached from his collar-stud I believe he might have been presentable, but that necessary article completely overshadowed him. It was much like the hook on the bathroom door where one hangs—or should rightly hang—the towel.

"We will run the Brandons down to Brighton and back to dinner on Sunday," announced Vera in her most Napoleonic voice, two days later.

I reached for a Cassell. "The trips," I observed ——

"We go in the car," said Vera, frigidly.

"Why are the bells ringing this morning?"
"They be a-ringing, zur, becos three o' the purtiest gals in our parish be a-gettin' married 'ere to-day."
'Ah! I see. The bells are ringing because they are ringing the belles."

CHIC!

"All of us?" I queried, fearfully, for the wheelbarrow had never looked strong.

"There will only be five, including Anstruther," said Vera. (Anstruther was the chauffeur.) "It will be quite comfortable—if you can keep your legs still," she added, with a disdainful glance at them.

We didn't get quite as far as Brighton. As a matter of fact, Purley being our first stop and something having gone wrong with the barrow, we had tea and watched Anstruther hiding under the "runabout" for almost two hours. He did this rather well; in fact, at one time only his collar-stud was visible.

We reached home (we live in Croydon) just in time for dinner, after, as Vera said, lightly, "a very successful run."

As we drew up, in what state we could muster, at our door our chauffeur sprang unceremoniously from his seat and dashed off at a tremendous pace towards the "No Hawkers, No Circulars" entrance. Vera smiled to cover her embarrassment.

"Poor creature!" she said. "He's had a nail in his shoe ever since tea. I'm sure he's suffered agonies!"

As she had not spoken to him since we left home we were literally staggered by this astounding piece of clairvoyance.

We went in, leaving a sorry-looking wheelbarrow waiting to be conveyed to its lair (which Vera called a garage), and five minutes later were seated hungrily and expectantly round the dining-table.

And now the true inwardness of Vera's wonderful scheme was revealed. The door opened and in walked a strapping, familiar figure—Heavens! could I ever mistake that strong, decorously trimmed with a white waistcoat and garnished with mutton-chop whiskers—somewhat crooked.

"Deacon," said Vera, languidly, "put the soup here."

"Yes, madam," said the faithful Deacon, and proceeded to do so.

As he removed the lid, leaning slightly forward, the tragedy, swift, foreseen, inevitable—happened. Both side-whiskers fell in the soup with a concerted "plop."

"Damn!" said Deacon, clearly and forcefully. "Before I stick them on again I'd better get that thing in out of the rain." And he disappeared to rescue the wheelbarrow.

OTHER PEOPLE'S INDISCRETIONS

AND THINGS WE HAVE HEARD.

There's trouble in another lordly mansion. And it's the same old tale. The son and heir is in love with "one of those impossible girls who act on the stage." So, following the old saying that "desperate diseases demand desperate remedies," his handsome father has hit on the novel idea of getting him into a cavalry officer, feeling sure that work (?) and a change of environment are bound to have the desired effect. Maybe—maybe not!

* * *

Some flappers want spanking, and we often cast about us for the reason why they don't get it. One night during the past "season" two of this not uncommon species, having donned thick veils, paraded Piccadilly with all the audacity and confidence in the world. As a matter of fact they were capable of being taken for ladies of experience." However, when a knut, obviously on the look with appearances, and out for a lark after banking hours, approached them with a bland smile, they just took to their heels and skedaddled for all they were worth. We came upon them in a side street mending their slit skirts with safeties. "Great Scott!" said one when she had recovered her breath. "I thought father'd recognised us! What with?" But whoever was with?

* *

That the young German aristocrat who has settled himself and is quite nicely thank you, in a smartly furnished flat in Piccadilly, and whose pet name begins with D, is still enamoured of the barmaid with the eyes "like fallen chestnuts." I question what chestnut he would tell his portly and nigh-jealous German pa, could that murderous personage know one jot of what's going on. And by the way, where's Bobby? Does he still drink brandy, and was it the barmaid said the other night with reference to Bobby's nose blushing for the indiscretions of his throat!" Mr. F., this wants seeing to!

* *

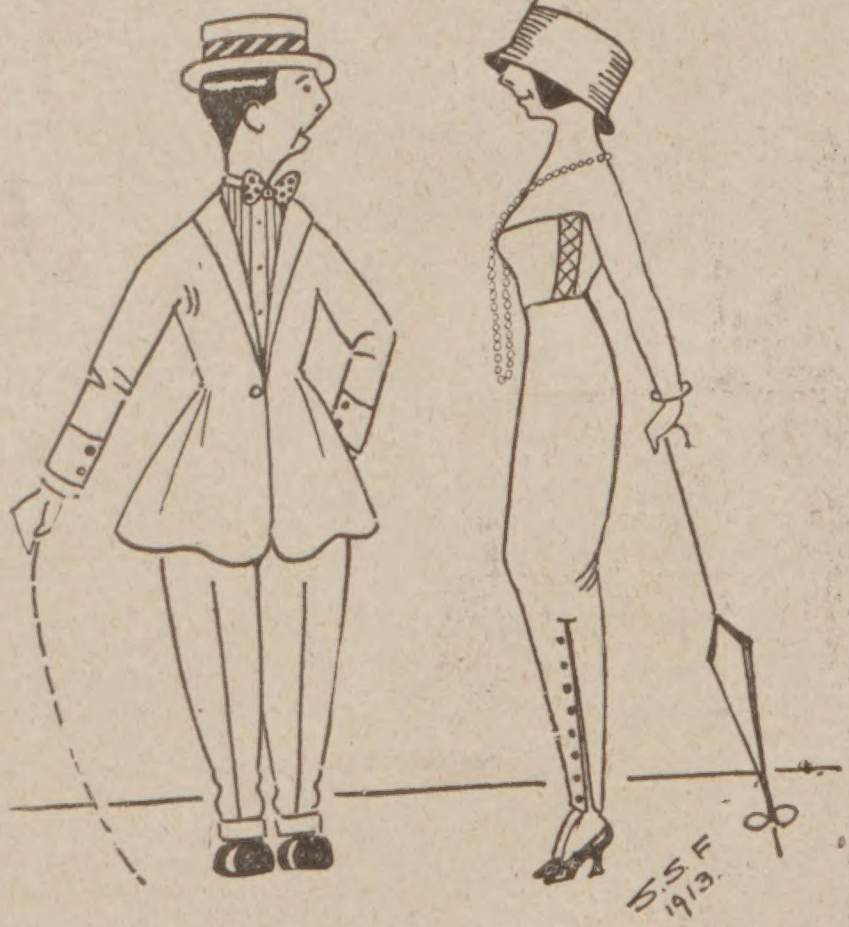
How many people there are who would like to know the identity of the West End buck who is rapidly building up for himself a great but far from enviable reputation—that of a professionally? Would it be wise for him to be married in time? Prison is not a nice place really. Some people seem to prefer it to a comfortable home; but no one takes any notice of them. Even they all "come to" by-and-bye.

* *

Who is the very young "pretty" officer who fell madly and most stupidly in love with a beautiful lady passenger during the outward voyage of the s.s. "A"? Wasn't it quite pathetic the way he besought her acceptance of that little Eastern souvenir, adding "Please do, just as a souvenir of a voyage supremely happy by virtue of a few sweet smiles"? However, lots of us have "been this way" before, and he'll get over it, no doubt. Possibly next voyage.

* * *

It is being whispered that a certain society lady, well-known for possessing a demoniacal temper and a fiendishly jealous disposition, offered a servant in the employ of her rival no less than £50 to cut off her mistress's hair during sleep, the affair to be arranged so that the guilt should fall elsewhere, of course. Some women will stick at nothing, but fortunately this nefarious little plan was not carried out.



"The Smithson girls should never have been book-keepers."
"Why?"
"Because they're always altering their figures."

The whereabouts of the very smart lady journalist who invariably wears a wonderfully unique thing in brooches? Is it really a fact that the jewel in question was painted for the lady's ancestor by the great Cosway, and that the commission was given by a Royal Duke?

* * *

Why does a certain highly placed official in the Civil Service say, apropos of a certain most attractive widow: "I never compete with other men!" Perhaps the reason is that he knows it would be hopeless.

* * *

That a certain well-known publisher admits that he makes his money out of writers who go to him and "fairly clamour to pay for the publication of their work for the sake of the notoriety it brings them"? No wonder he has a reputation for "trash dumping."

* * *

A distinguished but not too youthful member of the peerage, who aspires to the favour of the fair sex, and one in particular, has unfortunately began to lose his looks. Grey hairs do not suit his style of beauty, and besides they make a fellow look so old. Hence these tears! What his lordship wanted was a nice dark brown shade, as "Maidie" has an inclination to the deeper tones; but now it's quite another thing. And, really, *greenish* hair is not to be envied.

* *

How much truth is there in the rumours beginning to spread in connection with the eccentric artist and the fair-haired model who poses for him in his studio bungalow at Shoreham? Has the girl accepted a wedding ring from him which she wears on a gold chain round her neck, and does she know of the existence of a mad wife and child confined in a lunatic asylum?

* *

That some of these impecunious nobleman who seek to replenish their pockets and banking accounts from those of American heiresses must feel positively sick sometimes at what they have to endure. Said the mother of one of these aspirants the other day to a friend on board the "Olympic":—"I'm just taking my daughters over to England to place them in Society. They're going to take music lessons from Wagner and painting lessons from all the old masters." Who dares to deny that in the circumstances, a peer earns all he gets?

* *

Was not the dear young thing in the very tight skirt quite "all there" last week when she slipped on trying to enter that 'bus in Piccadilly? And how does she like "Gerald" now that the acquaintance has somewhat developed? Really, these are day of progression, and no mistake.

* * *

Are the police aware of the existence of a very expert band of women thieves now reaping a golden harvest in the West End? The other morning one of the gang presented herself at a house in Mayfair with the story that she had been sent to fetch madam's furs which she had orders to re-line. The housekeeper, knowing that her mistress intended having this done, and, moreover, not associating robbery with the gentler sex, promptly handed over a valuable set of Russian sables which have not since been heard of.

A COMEDY OF (AND OFF) THE STAGE.

At the door of the Hotel Brillante, Bertie Nutspoon throttled his smart two-seater, and, having put his patents to pavement, helped a young lady to alight from the car. She was a ripper—the peachiest of peaches. This is how Bertie summed up her charms. His judgment was a sort of "multum in parvo" declaration—brief, but accurate. She was good to look at—Louis heels, beneath an arched instep, silken hose framed round with fetching lace, chapeau as chic as they construct them, black sparkling eyes, *nez* "tip-tilted like the petal of a flower" (I thank thee, Tennyson, for teaching me that phrase), blush-rose cheeks, dimpled chin, Cupid's-bow mouth, chestnut hair made up of a profusion of dear little ringlets, and—well, every perfection calculated to drive mad the fellow who couldn't get her.

Bertie Nutspoon had got her, or thought he had, which was about the same thing—to him. Consequently he was on excellent terms with himself. She was his—Glad Eyes Silvermere (correct Christian cognomen Gladys), the daintiest comedienne that ever posed in presence of camera. Her teeth attitudes were the envy of the sisterhood. Here she was, captive of his bow and spear—in modern meaning, his purse and his questionable personal attractions.

He was a stockbroker ostensibly. Really what he knew about broking stocks was about half as much as his office boy, who, sampling his guv'nor's Coronas and making a six-penny book on the big races, was on the high road to affluence. Bertie Nutspoon was on the low road to penury. Why he pretended to bash and mutilate stocks as a profession was a colossal conundrum. An avuncular cotton-spinner sent the oof-bird round to him regularly every quarter, and on the strength of a dead cert that he would come into fifty thousand of the best and brightest when he was twenty-five—he was twenty-two now—he was on good bad terms with a few children of Israel. He was going the pace.

"Have you seen my man, Wilmot?" he asked the hotel manager, who knew his customer's "funny little ways."

"Yes, sir. Everything's all right. Madame's goods have arrived. Apartments are engaged at our Paris establishment."

Gladys was not proof against the fascinations of feminine fal-the-rals. She tripped up the stairs—("Numbers one and two on the first landing, please.")—and was soon immersed in a frothy sea of filmy frills and furbelows. She selected a sweet "creation" in evening gowns, and joined Bertie at the banqueting board.

"Now, I told you in my letter what our programme is to be, darling," said Don Lothario, when the waiters had left the room with an unwholesome opinion that Gladys was a "stunner." His face was radiant. What a rattling good time he was going to have! He could fancy he heard the "boys" filling the air with swear-words.

"We'll slip across to Paris," he went on, "stay there a week, see all the warm shows, then on to Venice and to Cairo. *Après*, what you like."

Gladys's eyes sparkled. That was all right, Bertie thought, but there was nothing in the travel menu to warrant ringing, rippling laughter.

"Here," he exclaimed, suddenly rising and moving his chair out of the way. "I haven't kissed you yet."

"D——n!" What was that banging at the locked door? And that scuffling on the landing?

Gladys pushed the ardent Bertie from her, then ran and turned the key.

"The meaning of this intrusion, sir? Who the deuce are you, and what do you want?"

The little lady-killer looked a David defying a Goliath. The giant proved to be the slinger, as shall be seen.

"Who am I?" answered the big man, who was encased in a fur coat which made him seem twice his natural size. "Mr. John Silvermere! What do I want? My wife!"

The quartette of sentences were delivered with the force and sound of four thunderclaps.

Bertie's boots began to pain him, and he felt himself wobbling like a weak jelly. He had an idea that he was melting, and was resigned to seeing himself an oleaginous streak wandering about the carpet.

However, he managed to stammer out something which cast a kind of doubt on Mr. Silvermere's veracity. Practically he was calling the *de trop* fellow a liar.

"Ask your paramour whether I am Ananiasing—ask the vile woman who has deceived a doting husband."

Mr. Silvermere appeared to be very much hurt.

"Don't cry, old chap," said Bertie, sympathetically, "You'd look so funny if you did. Big people look such bally silly asses when they cry. Cheer up! I haven't kissed her."

"Rot!" It sounded like a rifle shot. Mr. John Silvermere's eyes blazed with an unlawful light. "Tell the Marines—I mean the bosses of the Divorce Court."

"Forgive me, Jack," interposed Gladys pleadingly, with a No. 19 Madonna expression. "I'll be strictly pro for the future. I thought——"

"To give me the go-by."

Jack took up the parable in a distinctly disagreeable manner.

"Look here, old chappie," said Bertie, jumping at only means of escape from the hole in which he found himself. "Look here! Can't we square the thing? Wh the figure? Hand me that coat on the back of the c near you. My cheque book is in the breast pocket."

Mr. John Silvermere did not rise rapidly to the bait. temporised some.

"Well, if you pledge your word as a gentleman (' of so was a mental reservation) that you and Gladys—hang it you know what I mean—I might think it advisable to a a scandal. Don't attempt, though, to stop payment of cheque, unless you like walking about with crutches. it out for five hundred. And you"—Gladys bowed head in contrition—"take off that shimmering sign of shameless conduct. No, on second thoughts, we stop for that. You can hide it beneath your cloak. isn't much of it."

Jack pocketed the cheque, gave a written undertaking keep his chin from wagging, and, ordering Gladys to cede him, left Bertie to some sad reflections. husband hurled a nasty Parthian shaft from the doorma

"Hope you'll enjoy Paree. Plenty of unmarried nic niceys there. Or perhaps you'll find consolation wit Venetian Vesta. Perchance, at Cairo, you may canoo with a modern Cleopatra. You're hardly a Mark Anto but you have my best wishes. Ta-ta!"

"Now, how did the big brute spot this hotel, and how he know the route I had arranged?" Bertie wondered.

* * *

A few days afterwards he found this among his letters "Dear Juggins,—I have cashed the cheque, and here are five hundred thank-yous—one for every goblin. sister, Gladys, goes halves. Capitally played comedy wasn't half bad in my part. I don't know how the formance strikes you, but keep your hay-thatch on.—Yo merrily, J. S."

Bertie's language savoured of the golf links.

HAL VICKERS.

THE GARDEN OF SLEEP.

"The Garden of Sleep," described in the late Clem Scott's popular song, and also in many of his writings well known to visitors to East Anglia. Shortly before death the eminent critic wrote to Mr. Parsons Norman gesting that he should paint a picture of this charming sp and the well-known artist has recently completed his can and Messrs. Jarrolds, of Norwich and London, are issuing a reproduction in colours at 5s. each (signed artist's proo 10s. 6d). The picture is of particular interest just now, the solitary old tower is in a precarious state, as the cl on which it stands is rapidly slipping into the sea.

A R.A.M.C. orderly was being put through his paces a hospital sister, who was trying to find out the extent his practical knowledge.

"And what would you do," she asked, "in a case collapse?"

"Give him some brandy," was the reply.

"But suppose," suggested the sister, "suppose you had any brandy?"

"Then I'd promise him some," was the prompt reply.

* * *

Friend: Why don't you get your hair cut? It's like stack of hay.

Actor: Then I suppose that's why so many asses bra come braying round me this morning.

OURSELVES AND THER PEOPLE.

UP-TO-DATE.

on the beach and gazed meditatively at the rings rned her fingers. "Know all men by these pres- murmured, "that I am a Summer Girl."

* * *

-made man should never forget to make himself

* * *

A RECIPE.

mmit—I must answer his letter, and I want to thing that doesn't mean anything.
lisade—Why don't you tell him you love him?

* * *

a while a bachelor has as many troubles as a ian.

* * *

WILL NOT TAKE FLIGHT.

Mother—Gracie, are you a darling angel?
s Angel—Not if it's anything to fetch from up-

* * *

y to become popular with most people is to keep them.

* * *

en't so quick to notice the things a woman has on t the ones she hasn't on.

* * *

TAKING PRECAUTIONS.

I was fool enough to tell that tailor of yours that ne.
What difference did that make?
He made me pay cash.

EN REGLE.

think my costume is too—er—snappy for the dear on's garden party?"
the old buffer says anything I'll tell him you just came because you couldn't get a seat at the matinee."
Sydney Bulletin.

Patient: Oh doctor, I am in such agony! Kill me, kill me!"
Doctor; No need of advice. I know my business!"—*Le Rire.*

IDIOMATIC.

He—Do you actually play golf?
She—No; I merely speak it.

* * *

Footnote:—Wipe your feet.

* * *

It isn't recorded that the Lord loveth a cheerful giver of advice.

* * *

Opportunity cranks everybody's automobile once.

* * *

Although some men are great mathematicians, woman still remains an unsolved problem.

* * *

SURE SIGN.

Howard—How do you know Higgs's car is a cheap one?
Coward—He never can remember it's make.

* * *

Giggles cover a multitude of pauses.

* * *

Satan gets so much fun out of his business that he doesn't want a vacation.

* * *

THE DIFFERENCE.

"The chronic bachelor smiles at matrimony."
"Eh-yah! But the married man knows it is no joke."

* * *

Employer: Now you've finished the drains, Pat, what's the best way to get rid of that heap of dirt over there?
Pat: Shure, that's aisey dun ,sor. Dig a hole beside av ut an' shuvell it in!

* * *

"They are calling for the author; what shall I do?"
"Get out by the back door as quickly as you can!"

* * *

THE SLASH SKIRT.

I am no prude, but I'll admit
The sight of it unnerves
When I see women wearing it
Who haven't any curves.—*Judge.*

* * *

A CONVICTION

"I always believed," she said, as she searched the trousers again to see that nothing had been left, "that a man should keep nothing from his wife."—*Judge.*

* * *

NOT IN LEAP YEAR.

They were quarreling. "Well, you can't say I ran after you," said the wife.
"Neither does a mousetrap run after the mice, but it catches 'em just the same," replied the hubby.—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

* * *

PRACTICAL GIRL.

Robert—Don't you think this combination of the honeysuckle, the hammock, the moon, and music on the water is romantic?
Grace—Romantic? It's simply demoralising!—*Chicago Inter-Ocean.*

* * *

ONE KIND.

Harry—Paw, what is a boy scout?
Paw—A woman of thirty who chases a youth of eighteen, my son.—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

THINGS THE LADIES WOULD LIKE TO KNOW,

AND WHAT RUMOUR SAYS.

Whether a good deal of consternation has been inspired by the rumour that certain changes in connection with the State Ball "guest lists" are under consideration?

* * *

Whether it is true that of the 130 ladies who had expressed themselves as eager to become members of the proposed Royal Club, over a hundred withdrew their names on learning that the Queen had stipulated that there was to be no card room? And whether the whole scheme will now fall through?

* * *

Whether "Milestones," which has just terminated its London career, will now be found "on the road"?

* * *

Whether the policewomen of Chicago have already made one arrest, the culprit being a member of their own sex?

* * *

The name of the chorus "lady" who suffered such drastic treatment at the hands of certain of her fellow artists? Whether it is a fact that one of them wielded the slipper so effectively that she has had to plead "illness" as an excuse for a week's absence from the theatre, and what it was all about anyhow?

* * *

Wether the "well-informed organ" which told its readers that Prince Arthur had bought a house in Grosvenor Square was somewhat "out of tune" at the time?

* * *

Whether the "boot-cleaning" incident in "I Should Worry!" is a clever and piquant device for showing off the "very latest" in garters and lingerie?

* * *

Whether teetotallers will, in future, always travel by water-plane?

* * *

The name of the Parisian actress who has been appearing ing at the Theatre des Capucines in "a turban, a chin-string and a handful of aigrette feathers," and whether the effect was as startling as it sounds?

"There's a new boy at our school to-day."
"In your class?"
"I guess not! I licked him with one hand."

Whether Miss Ethel Dane will have her 21lb. codfish stuffed?

* * *

Whether the latest discovery that beef tea, and even ordinary tea, taken in any quantity, is liable to intoxicate, affords an explanation of the extraordinary behaviour of so many temperance cranks?

* * *

Whether it is a fact that an American woman has taken to trousers with frills round the ankles?

* * *

Whether a number of people just back from their holidays are now contemplating the tango with considerable disgust?

* * *

Whether the threatened famine in butter is likely to spread?

* * *

The name of the city magnate who is now known by the nick-name of "Bunty," and the nature of the concern of which he has been so cleverly "pulling the strings" for some time past?

* * *

Whether the Leicestershire cabman who claims to have killed 50,000 wasps this summer is a "rank" liar?

* * *

Whether "musical minnows," the latest American invention, play anything besides scales and minnowettes?

* * *

If it is a fact that the Jockey Club intends to bestow serious attention upon certain well-known bookmakers who are also the owners of race horses?

* * *

Whether Mrs. Evelyn Thaw is shortly to publish her biography, and whether, in view of the enormous amount of advertisement she has recently received, the book ought to sell like "hot cakes"?

* * *

Whether the latest sociological development is the "Golf Widow"?

* * *

The name of the well-known man who was served with a writ (citing him as co-respondent in a coming divorce case) while attending a race meeting? Whether the incident interfered in any way with his day's pleasure, or whether he is growing accustomed to the rôle of "co."?

* * *

Whether our young Prince's cult of the bagpipes has earned him the title of "Prince of Wails" from some of his more intimate college friends?

* * *

Whether Mrs. Pankhurst and her daughter, aided by the recently converted Duchess of Marlborough, are carrying on a "campaign" in the interests of "The Cause" over at Deauville? And whether they find the gay pleasure seekers of that delightful place more susceptible to the influence of frocks and frills than feminism?

* * *

Why it is that, if there are germs in kissing, nobody seems to get sick of them?

* * *

Whether the latest pastime for women is boxing, and who it was who discovered that the action of the arms in a round of fisticuffs tends to improve the figure?

* * *

Who is the particular matron with the blue-eyed, fluffy-haired daughter of marriageable age who has been laying such obvious traps for that most tantalizing of bachelors, the Hon. Walter de Rothschild?

* * *

Whether G. R. Sims's new drama, "The Ever Open Door," is likely to cause a draught—in the right direction?

* * *

Whether the monocled city exquisite who was invited to a dinner given by the Arab chiefs during the Olympia Horse Show felt more than a little embarrassed when compelled to eat kous-kous with his fingers?

* * *

Whether the "dear"-stalking season is now beginning?

* * *

Whether the 25s. recently paid for an old cab was considered a "hansom" price?

* * *

What is meant by the "invisible gowns" said to have made their appearance in Paris?

* * *

Whether the London magistrate who has been trying a hand at breaking stones finds the occupation more tedious than "splitting straws"?

"It must be terribly difficult to lose one's husband!"
"Yes, dear! I nearly gave up hope."

men, who attempted to extinguish a fire at a piano factory, liked playing upon so many at once?

* * *

cool cheek sometimes goes with the warmest dis-

* * *

their Majesties are likely to catch a glimpse of ous "ghost" during their stay at Althorp as the Lord and Lady Spencer?

* * *

the eminent dental expert who is advising people to have good teeth" to "live near gas works" is

* * *

the bo[illegible] are now busily "stocking" the My Lady's Garter"?

* * *

r the simple life, in which Mr. Lloyd George is at dulging, is so very simple after all?

* * *

picture theatre in the West End is advertising a new representing "the heart of a little child 1,400 feet

* * *

Society ladies met the other afternoon and the conver reverted again and again to Cowes. Said one, "Really, remarkable season—no scandals worth men- divorces likely to follow on." "My dear plied the other "Surely you're quite forgetting the 'knowing ones' have gone up to Scotland to Cowes socials. People are far too busy doing things to think. Talking about them is an after-thought."

* * *

young wives of the two young noblemen ers are absolutely worrying themselves to death be the first to have a son—heir to the title, one so far forgot herself the other day keen, that she said "If it happens I'll just have another at once!" There are people about, aren't there?

The name of the military officer who was overheard to remark in a certain West End Club the other evening: "Glad to be home? Gad! I should just think I am! The climate isn't the only thing in India that's warm. Take it from me!" Doubtless the details will be forthcoming later on. Again wait and see!

* * *

She: Sweetheart, darling, do you remember——"
He: "Now for goodness sake, leave the past alone. I've got no money, so that's an end of it."

* * *

The Americans that throng over here are fast quitting our shores. They stay a little longer than the swallows, but they go just the same. They seem endless as regards the number of varieties; but undoubtedly some American women are the smartest in the world for an all-round good appearance. They fairly laugh at our nobility "who," as they express it, "seem to have every advantage under the sun and yet only succeed in looking dowdy." We quite agree that this matter has occurred to the minds of others besides Americans.

* * *

Whether patent leather hats trimmed with patent leather flowers are to be the latest thing in millinery?

* * *

That a woman's only cleverness sometimes lies in the fact that she's clever enough to make some fool of a man think she's clever.

* * *

That Mr. Winston Churchill is very keen indeed on sea-planes and will not long rest content with a journey as a mere passenger. That we may yet see the First Lord taking his wife for a trip in the air and himself acting as pilot. That he and Colonel Seely, after rendering first-aid to the two young officers of the Naval Flying Corps, whose water-plane had signalled for help to a passing torpedo-boat, put them through an extensive cross-examination on the points of the machine, and that Mr. Churchill expressed the opinion that the explosion in the engine, which caused the trouble, might easily have had worse effects than burning the young pilot's hair and eyelashes.

TABLOID TOPICS.

Partridge shooting has commenced. So has "hopping," declared a "gun's" peppered victim.

* * *

A shining future is anticipated for the baby found in a boot-box on the front at Brighton last week.

* * *

It is probable that Mr. Hawker would have won the £5,000 prize if his Green engine had not been a trifle off colour.

* * *

A lot of people appear to be making fun of the Olympic Games appeal for £100,000. Certainly it is a large sum of money to play with.

* * *

A contemporary has an article on "Skirts and Morals." We hope the subject is not dealt with scantily and the fringe only touched.

* * *

Motor "Black Marias" will be seen in London shortly. Prisoners can then, if they wish, declare themselves collared and "cuffed" joy-riders.

* * *

Great applause greeted the first performance of Mr. Bernard Shaw's new play "Androcles and the Lion." Mr. Edward Sillward got the lion's share.

* * *

Thirty cases of whisky have been stolen from a London warehouse. The police have taken the matter up very earnestly, and are thirsting for a clue.

* * *

Side shows at the San Francisco Exhibition will cost £2,000,000, says a news par. We can get them a lot cheaper than that any fine day in the West End.

* * *

"Where is Balaam's Ass?" pathetically enquires the *Daily Express*. We suggest that they search their own premises. At any rate, a relative might be found there.

* * *

The Somerset lunatic, in whose stomach were found four hairpins, several buttons, and a mass of tape apron strings, had probably swallowed them to alleviate a stitch in the side.

* * *

"Week-ends in the Air" are promised by the Grahame White Company. But this is scarcely a novelty. Most of our hoped-for week-ends have a nasty way of remaining in cloudland.

* * *

"King's Message to American Bar," cries a *Daily Telegraph* placard. Really, this is too bad! Surely the King may quench his thirst without the newspapers making a shout about it.

* * *

Imported parchment paper is tested at the Government laboratory to detect the presence of sugar, which seems an excess of zeal, for anything which makes a writ less distasteful should certainly be welcomed.

* * *

From "Legal Replies" in the *Weekly Dispatch*: "Unfortunately the law provides no means by which a wife can be got rid of—" Failing divorce every man, when the necessity arises, is expected to find his own way.

* * *

Mr. Lister Drumond, the South-Western magistrate, thinks it is a pity there is no law prohibiting piano-playing after eleven o'clock at night. Better still would be a law forbidding everybody to play the piano who can't.

* * *

A man in Indianapolis arrayed himself in white flannel trousers slashed to the knee, and showing red silk stockings. His immediate arrest taught him that what is sauce for the goose is sometimes much too saucy for the gander.

* * *

A bag containing bread was the only luggage of a Russian girl who appeared last week before the London Alien Immigration Board, but in spite of this evidence that she belonged to the upper crust her application for admission was refused. The Board remarked that they had been had on toast too often.

* * *

So truthful are the race known as the Sea Dyaks of Borneo that when a really good lie is told they build a monument to keep green the memory of the perpetrator, the *Mission Field* tells us. An admirable plan. It would, however, be impossible of adoption in civilized countries owing to want of space.

Grave charges—The [illegible] bill.

* * *

Gaby Deslys is appearing in a "[illegible]" this thusness? Has the Gaby Glide come [illegible]

* * *

The telephone officials complain that "joy talks the wires. The wonder is that they don't melt th

* * *

Have you seen the latest thing in bathing dresse Then get an extra strong pair of binoculars and notice them.

* * *

The *Daily Herald* advertises itself as "The pa a kick in it." Biting sarcasm, we believe, is also acteristic feature.

* * *

"I was bound over to keep the police for twelve a woman told the Woolwich magistrate. Too bad provision prices up too.

* * *

"10s. For a Wet Day." says the [illegible] of the "Pluvius" policies. [illegible] charges 15s.—and costs.

* * *

A strike caused the fountains in Trafalgar S stop playing. Though it was a blow it can hardly to have put a damper on them.

* * *

A motor lorry crashed into the Chequers Inn at hurst and made a large hole in Queen Elizabeth's Fortunately that august lady was not in.

* * *

James Douglas in *London O*[illegible] says ever explained why darkies are [illegible] could explain it away with soap and

* * *

An old buffer of 84, who, when [illegible] and disorderly and told by the Bea[illegible] Police Court, certainly does seem [illegible]

* * *

A young woman told the Thames [illegible] her sister was "quite respectable, because s skirts." Could not go the pace, we s[illegible]

* * *

Canon Newbolt objects to persons sit[illegible] Sunday mornings instead of going to c[illegible] know that they are not looking for se[illegible]

* * *

Here's a nasty blow to our religious hopes! to certain correspondents in the *Daily News* there place as Hell. Oh, those Rads.! Another gone.

* * *

They talk of performing plays on t[illegible] You the notion spread to steamers, might not be inappropriate [illegible] Margate.

* * *

Some welsher in the States has [illegible] belt. It would be a kindly act for a[illegible] of braces to mail them to Fred. They over there.

* * *

The secretary of the Irish [illegible] Union, is int himself to the crowd from the [illegible] Dublin, theatrically declared. [illegible] however, did not regard it as [illegible] arrested.

* * *

Boasting a Canon for his father, a young l Rangoon wrote home to his best girl a love l pages, on which she had to pay 1s. 3d. e now he's ringed a dusky belle of [illegible] describe him as a *regular* son of a gun.

* * *

The Will[illegible] [illegible] should pro[illegible] dwelling drama. There is nothing to [illegible] giving colour to human emotions. It is [illegible] people and [illegible] jealousy, [illegible] rage. When the colour[illegible] get a blue atmosphere.

UP THE RIVER A MAN MAY TAKE OFF HIS COAT & WAISTCOAT, BUT——
NOT IN PICCADILLY!!!
TO DANCE A MAN PUTS ON HIS GLOVE
BUT TAKES IT OFF TO SHAKE HANDS
MAY TAKE A MORSEL OF GRUYÈRE
BUT ON NO ACCOUNT PEAS.

HINTS ON ETIQUETTE.

WIT AND WISDOM.

woman takes the conceit out of a man she wn.

* * *

eed a selfish summer girl who wants a whole herself.

* * *

wife with true faith to brag about her husband's en when she doesn't believe in it herself.

* * *

you have occasion to fight, remember that the other probably scared as badly as you are.

* * *

girl gives a young man her heart she expects a in exchange

* * *

easiest way to manage a husband is to select one that eed much managing.

* * *

runs away may have a fit of regret later.

Blood will tell and time will tell—but a woman usually beats them to it.

* * *

Inject common sense into a love affair and it will soon cease to be interesting.

* * *

The chap who is born with a silver spoon in his mouth may live to pawn the family plate.

* * *

If you would get up in the world get down to business.

* * *

It is easier to break a man's will than it is to sidetrack a woman's won't.

* * *

When a man works fifteen hours a day trying to earn money enough to buy his wife all the fool things she wants, that is love.

* * *

Be generous—but never give your friends away.

IN STAGELAND.

"Joseph and His Brethren" is at His Majesty's. The title of the production and its venue give one a material, but still insufficient indication of the deep interest and importance of this wonderful pageant-play. Can you believe that the sublime sacredness of Sir Herbert Tree's subject has been supported and successfully emphasised in spite of an interest compelling, *mise-en-scène* and love-situation which would be criticised as risqué and as appertaining to musical comedy had not the magic of Sir Herbert's tense personality achieved Church approval from very high spiritual quarters?

* * *

Sir Herbert himself plays the patriarch Jacob, strikingly re-creating one of the noblest figures in Biblical history. Mr. Geo. Relph, late of "The Yellow Jacket," as Joseph, has a rôle of such tremendous righteousness to enact that only a model of all the virtues dare undertake the part. Miss Maxine Elliot as "Zulieka" gives us a beautiful and restrained sort of wickedness which is artistic and a shade too mild for such a lurid lady. I was struck by a very Salome-like kit worn by the latter character. It afforded adequate abdominal adornment, and was none the less effective.

* * *

"Joseph" defies description! An elaborate and extravagant success, it should play longer and to larger houses than "Drake," if that is possible in this over-dramatised age. Let us see it, admire and be grateful for Sir Herbert Tree's ever-increasing dramatic virility: one of the few factors of the contemporary histrionic world that is wholly and entirely desirable.

MISS EVIE GREEN
(Palladium).

* *

Fragson is at Deauville, and will shortly be coming over to fulfil engagements with the L.T.V., commencing at the Palladium, and completing the circuit.

* *

Which reminds me that the expensive bill just concluded at the Palladium has proved very sound policy. Harry Lauder and Little Tich usually played to capacity in the fiercest heat of the year. Lauder was given a muckle bunch o' heather-r-r-r ane Friday nicht, and gave two whole sprigs to dear, dapper Jimmy Sale, the well-known chef d'orchestre. My good friends, it's no use arguing! I *know* he did, because I eventually had one myself.

* * *

Gaby Deslys, the international expert, disports at the Palace for a matter of ten weeks or so.

* * *

Congratulations to the Majestic Picturedrome and the management of His Majesty's for helping to smash the old fallacy that the cinema and the stage must work on eternally opposing lines. The Picturedrome, a model structure in cinematography at 36, Tottenham Court Road, has filmed "Joseph and His Brethren" on a most ambitious scale and is showing same daily for a week.

* * *

Do you ever read the professional papers? They wax very humorous in spots, and unconsciously. In an advertisement for "The White Slave Traffic" (there is another "White Slave"" fit-out advertised on the preceding page) there occurs the phrase: "Mr. Imeson said 'We could do with your sort here every week'"—Mr. Imeson being manager of a theatre at Middlesbrough. What *does* he mean?

* * *

I am emphatically in favour of some sort of restriction being exercised from the Censor's department upon the gentlemen who run these lurid morality plays. I am under the impression that in cases similar to the above-mentioned the titles of the plays are always the principal attraction. Are these more, or less, desirable than a reverently handled scriptural subject? It is indeed an easy question. The latter invariably receives censorial attention; the former, generally in the North and Midlands, are seldom noticed.

Miss Lilian Braithwaite is a distinguished l
actress, but I cannot help being impressed with the
more often than not she creates an uncertain
on Variety audiences. I think that only a few of

CLARICE MAYNE AND "THAT" (Palladium)

cipal halls (you can count them on the fingers of o
can command audiences capable of appreciati
Braithwaite's art. More's the pity! But we're pro
along the desired lines.

* * *

Last February Mr. Frank McNaghten, head of the
Variety Syndicate, obtained a judgment against Jac
son, the coloured pugilist, for £1,500. The latter's A
exploiters had overlooked the little detail. So that
time to not having exploited
sarsaparilla cocktail, their distinguis
hand over to the Sheriff two motor cars
above judgment.

THE THREE MAYERS (Palladium)

The Earl of Carrick will shortly appear
in a sketch entitled "A Point of

CAROLINE, QUEEN OF DENMARK.

Royal and Noble Love Affairs.

No. 19.

THE "QUEEN OF TEARS"—CAROLINE MATILDA, PRINCESS OF GREAT BRITAIN, AND WIFE OF CHRISTIAN VII. OF DENMARK.

...d of England has had strange fits of licence and ... Sometimes it has had both at the same time. Such ... case after the death of Queen Caroline, the wife of ... II. The chief lady then was Madame de Walmoden, ... had been the King's mistress in Hanover, and whom, in ... the king created "Countess of Yarmouth." (She ... way, the last plaything of an English King to re... ...ge.) The English nobility resented the place of ... ... taken by the Walmoden, and many of ... ... to go to Court during her "reign." So ... ... been chary of placing their lights o' ... ... of the Throne. Amongst those who ... ... to Madame de Walmoden was no ... ... of Wales, who had been widowed and ... ...g children. When her husband had been ... he bore her ninth child, the little Princess ... ... as "The Queen of Tears."

... Coburg, Princess of Wales, was compelled ... sometimes, as she was the mother of the heir to ... but she took good care that none of her children ... She considered that the presence of the Walmoden ... ...miliate them, and she had a proper respect for the ... of parents for their children's purity of mind. Hence ... her thirteenth birthday, the Princess of ... ...ter was officially betrothed to the future ... The British public had scarcely ever heard ... and she appeared as a perfect stranger ... All these thirteen years she had lived with her ... ...on House, where, amidst the grottoes and statues ... walks extending to Marlborough House, her early ... been spent.

...'s Death-Bed Homily.

...tle Princess Matilda was destined to the most unfortu... ...ter in the annals of British Royalty. When they tore ... from the home of her childhood she sobbed as if her ... She knew nothing of marriage, but she had ... that years of unhappiness were before her. Nor ... ...rations ill-founded. They had given her ... ... before sending her to life-long exile in Den... ...has so often been the case with lesser folk, her ... been her misfortune. The original proposal was to ... of her ... ...ed to the Danish prince, but the ... ...ned the King of Denmark of the great ... ... of George III.'s sisters, and so little ... ... to Copenhagen, after being safely married ... ...ncil Chamber of St. James's Palace.

...ife now opened for Princess Matilda. Still ... she was suddenly torn from the strict and puri... ...usion in which she had been brought up, and sent ... to be the wife of a young prince whose early ... had made happiness with him impossible for any ... ...ian VII. had been orphaned early in life. As his ... his death-bed he called Christian VII. to him ...ed him as follows: "My son, remember that you were ...e welfare of your people, and not that your country ...d for your emolument. Also, never forsake that golden ...ing unto others as you would they should do to you! ... And how was this last death-bed homily followed ...

...y King who was Drunk Every Day.

...he was out of his teens Christian VII. had become the ... of the Danish capital. With two vagabond friends ... the city by night, indulging in the basest form of dissipation. Smashing the tradesmen's windows was his favourite outdoor sport, and before he was twenty he was drunk every day. Nor had he any charms of person to make up for his many deficiencies. Short and sickly, he had yellow hair and watery eyes, and when his bride arrived he had already taken up with a tailor's sempstress who was able to twist him round her little finger. At home the young King was a veritable *enfant prodigue*. His chief delight was to powder his grandmother's hair with sugar, or to throw boiling-hot tea in the faces of the ladies of the entourage, or to creep under the tables so as to be able to pinch the ladies' legs. The young King was not altogether accountable for his actions, however. After the death of his father he had been left in the charge of Count Reventlow, whose Spartan treatment of the young King nearly succeeded in knocking all the brains out of him. So when at last Christian broke loose from the yoke of Count Reventlow, he determined to make up for all his early misery by securing every pleasure his kingdom afforded him!

"Trouser Catarina's" Sister as the Queen's Maid of Honour.

Princess Matilda's journey to Denmark was a luckless augury for the future. It took six days to cross the North Sea, and then there were six hundred miles to be done by stage coach. It was winter, and the roads were oft-times almost impassable. As she progressed on the bridal journey, Matilda constantly heard her husband referred to, and by the time they met she had made up her mind that nothing but misery stared her in the face. And before the wedding festivities were over her anticipations were realised. The King was drunk at the Coronation, and he had begun a system of insult which was breaking his wife's heart. Nor did marriage make any break in Christian's association with his sempstress, "Trouser Catarina," as they called her. The Danish king took a wanton pride in flaunting the charms of his light o' love before his wife's eyes, and it was not long before the young Queen found herself a deserted and lonely wife, and only the thought that she was to become a mother saved her from utter despair. The final insult came when King Christian removed the Queen's maid-of-honour, and installed "Trouser Catarina's" sister in her place!

Christian VII Returns to Denmark a Changed Man.

King Christian was now bent upon a journey to England, He contemptuously refused to allow his wife to accompany him, and when he arrived the English Royal family did not fail to let him know how keenly they resented his abominable treatment of his young wife. The Londoners dubbed him "The Rake of the North," but made much of him, not knowing the wrongs he had offered to the English princess who shared his throne. However, the journey had one good result. On Christian's return to Copenhagen he was apparently a "changed man!" He began to treat his wife with effusive affection, and swore that she was all he lived for; and, truth to tell, the Danish King kept his word. But the change had been too long delayed. The early yearnings for him which Matilda had experienced had first turned to anger, then to loathing, then to revenge. After all, she was only a woman, and the iron had entered her soul. And there was more reason for this than mere insult and neglect. Christian VII. had communicated to his Queen a foul disease, and she was doomed to the end of her days to suffer in consequence. It need scarcely be said that under her affliction she was incapable of entertaining any feelings towards her husband but those of intense resentment.

"Lord, Keep Me Innocent!"

In order to effect a cure for the Queen a Dr. Struensee had been called in. This man was one of the arch-fiends of history. A designing, ambitious fellow, he was known to stick at nothing so long as his ends were reached. A crafty plotter, he repaid the Queen's spontaneous aversion to him with ingratiating smiles and tender addresses, and though the instinct of Queen Matilda told her that this cunning medico meant her no good, she was incapable, in her lonely and deserted condition, of rebutting his allurements. Bit by bit, Dr. Struensee gained the ear of the stricken Queen, and the time came when she felt powerless to withstand his blandishments. When she felt that unless he disappeared her downfall was imminent, she took up a diamond and scratched upon a window-pane, "Lord, grant that others may be great, but keep me innocent!"

With this pitiful appeal to the Almighty, Queen Matilda yielded up her virtue, and henceforth was little better than the mistress of Dr. Struensee. The King had now become hopelessly insane, and all the signs and portents pointed to Dr. Struensee's ultimate ambition of being ruler of Denmark through the Queen being realised. Matilda strove hard against her resignation to the superior will of her paramour. But she was incapable of making any heroic stand. All the circumstances were against her. Alone and friendless, Dr. Struensee stood before her as a tyrant, yet as her protector. A tall and somewhat handsome man, he had an insinuating manner, and a remarkable suavity of speech, and though he succeeded in triumphing over the Queen's scruples, he never entirely conquered her aversion for him. Frequently, on suddenly meeting him in the corridors of the Palace, she would turn deathly white and tremble in every limb.

The Danish Court the Laughing Stock of Europe.

The complete ascendancy which Dr. Struensee achieved over Queen Matilda soon resulted in his taking over the affairs of the country, as if he had in actuality been King of Denmark. The Queen was now but the instrument of his will; she could not speak or give an order except at his discretion. All her letters were first inspected by him before the Queen was allowed to peruse them, and her slightest reproach was met by insult bordering upon cruelty. Ere long Queen Matilda found that she had merely made a change from a blackguardly king to a cruel and heartless tyrant! Every day she sought her chamber, to weep for hours at her miserable lot, what time the energetic cause of her new sufferings was arraying himself in purple and fine linen, and lining his bank account with handsome sums from the Treasury of Denmark. All the patronage in the Danish services was in his hands; and he took care to bestow all the offices so that his own position should be strengthened. For some years Dr. Struensee "bossed" the kingdom of Denmark like a despot from the East.

But his hour was at hand. The people of Denmark began to murmur at the usurper. The nobility took umbrage at his display of power, and the low characters whom he introduced to the Court of the Queen. Eventually, the aristocracy of Denmark decided to "cut" the Court, and Dr. Struensee then proceeded to fill their places with the Copenhagen tradesfolk and their minions, until the Danish Court was the laughing-stock of Europe. Sometimes, in order to give his Court the appearance of Royal authority, Dr. Struensee would have the mad king brought there, dressed in a fantastic dressing-gown, and in the middle of a state function he would have the king taken back to his chamber, where an attendant would administer to the Monarch a whipping and put him to bed!

Queen Juliana's Plot to Save Denmark.

But there was one person in Denmark who was destined to put things right in the state. She was Queen Juliana, the mad King's stepmother, and her disgust at the state of affairs eventually led her to devise a plot for their return to decency. Gathering round her a few of the nobles of Denmark, she sought an interview with the mad King, while Dr. Struensee was absent at a masked ball, and wrung from the King an order for the arrest of the Doctor and the unhappy Queen Matilda. The infatuation of the King for Dr. Struensee may be imagined when it is added that the order was only obtained on the production of a forged letter purporting to reveal a plot on the part of the Queen and her paramour for the King's assassination. But the order having been obtained the Doctor's fate was sealed.

He was arrested in bed, and taken, struggling and howling for clemency, to the citadel, while Queen Matilda was as quickly incarcerated in the jail at Elsinore. It was soon decreed that the unhappy couple should suffer the extreme penalty for high treason, and when his doom seemed certain the craven medico endeavoured to save his neck by swearing that he had only entered upon his liaison with the King's wife at her request, and that so persistent had been her appeal that he had consented only to save himself from ruin. All of which was a lie, but, for a time, it was believed. For long the cases of the Queen and Dr. Struensee kept the good folk of Denmark busy. At least it was left to Queen Matilda herself to [illegible] Doctor's fate.

And then the English Queen of Denmark did a noble [illegible] Rather than see the man who had been her lover [illegible] erably on the scaffold, she signed a statement declaring [illegible] ventions to be the truth, although she thereby condemn[illegible] self for little better than a strumpet. But this heroic [illegible] tion did not prevent justice overtaking Dr. Struensee, [illegible] was carried from his dungeon into the market place of [illegible] hagen, and in the presence of thousands of people degra[illegible] put to death. Our King George III., fearing that [illegible] would suffer a like fate, made a threat of war against [illegible] should this happen to her, and so her life was spar[illegible] for the rest of it she was confined in the Castle [illegible] Rightly was she dubbed, "The Queen of Tear[illegible]"

Women again. "You may as well be dead an[illegible] out of fashion," said one. "Quite so," said anoth[illegible] weeks and weeks I've been looking for something [illegible] to wear; but I couldn't succeed. So in desperation [illegible] my photograph taken sitting in the bath."

* *

AND HE WAS!

Steward in First Saloon, Mail Boat: You c[illegible] here.

Passenger: Oh! Can't I?

* * *

She (despairingly): I've absolutely nothing to w[illegible]

He (encouragingly): Never mind, dear, the less yo[illegible] the more fashionable you'll look.

* * *

"Your lawn hose leaks badly," said Jones, leanin[illegible] the fence.

"Yes," replied Robinson, dodging a fresh outb[illegible] dampness, "but my wife thinks this is what we o[illegible] have."

"That's funny, isn't it?"

"Tolerably funny. But she has been reading in a [illegible] paper that openwork lawn hose are absolutely [illegible]

* * *

She: Don't you think my new hat a poem?

He: I shall probably think it a tragedy when t[illegible] comes in!

* * *

Foreman (to Pat, who has had a fall from [illegible] What on earth made you leave go the rope?

Pat: Sure, I thought the rope was breaking, so [illegible] just the presence of mind to let go.

* * *

SAME OLD THING.

It was in the naval canteen, and one of the office[illegible] saying to another: Do you know that I am quite [illegible] believer in the old saying that we have lived before [illegible] other state?

Second Officer (who has just paid [illegible] the twelf[illegible] That's very likely.

First Officer: I was just wondering what I [illegible] last existence.

Second Officer: Well, if there's anything [illegible] should say a sponge!

* * *

"That fellow makes a living writing light fiction."

"He doesn't look like a literary chap."

"He's not. He makes out accounts for the ice-cr[illegible] supply company."

CORRESPONDENTS' BUREA[illegible]

The Editor will be pleased to answer readers' queries through this column.

Fairplay.—We note your remarks and have forwarded your [illegible] our representative in Lucerne, who is making exhaustive enquiries [illegible] square the matter satisfactorily.

G. T. H. (Urmston).—Am communicating with N.U.S., and [illegible]

H. C. (Pudsey).—Thanks for offer. We have no room for a [illegible] Culture column at present.

A. M. M. (Redcliffe Gardens).—[illegible] we have [illegible] altered form, omitting what has already [illegible]

R. J. (Glasgow).—The business of H. Diamond [illegible] in a thoroughly honourable manner, and when [illegible] hall is thrown open to the public, an[illegible] know of no other instance where this is [illegible] was present last Wednesday, and satisfie[illegible] Mr. Diamond's business.

Frank (Manchester).—I have no [illegible] Diamond's business.

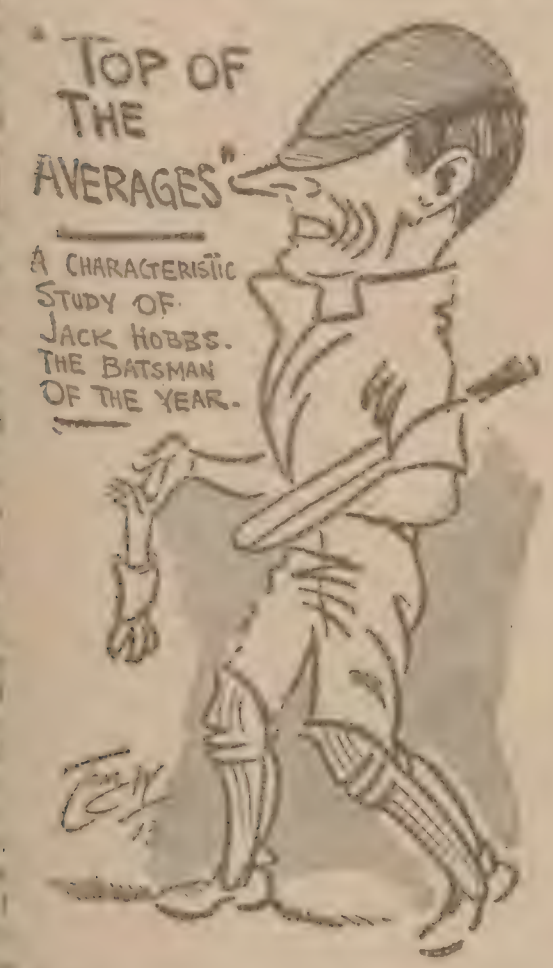
DERN SPORT
FOR MEN AND WOMEN.

g of the football season was not accompanied antest of conditions. But for the rain, how- of September was an ideal day for football. feeling has usually gone out to the players g day, when the sun is doing its best to make that the big round ball is the forerunner of 1906, and it does not seem seven years ago, sed under a torrid heat. The temperature was ade that day, and 120 in the sun, and, of course, were in the sun. The following year some of were prepared for a recurrence of the intense ts of water lined the ground, and attendants were rinkle the faint. 78 degrees is the nearest ap- he 1906 shade reading, during the last ten open- In 1909 it was 56 in the shade, and this year it he e and 58 in the sun. It was the fifth wet ears for the opening of the season.

opening twelve games produced the large pro- draws. These drawn games are going to bring tery before long.

RUGBY.

otball always gives its sister code a good start, ing later and stopping sooner than Association. on in the season there are indications of the res- which



new captain, as W. I. Cheeseman ion under the Government in Egypt. back, and played in four of the five for England last season. Captain he captained Blackheath last season, , and has resigned the captaincy. half-back who has been capped three , has been selected as Craven's succes- the leg kept him out of football for to have left him, and he may be best.

assistance of the many as they once did. At one provided a good proportion of he Welsh matches. How differ- Scottish. Young Lloyd George London Welsh this season again, from Cambridge, for he goes up to The captain of Dulwich College, also, the son of the Editor of the *Evening News*, red in team during his vacation.

a fine team. R. O. Lagden, the England for a long time, has decided , owing to the injuries sustained last Richmond, quite by accident, had a South African, F. M. Jackson, assisting them at half-back. He has just returned from a three-years' stay in South Africa, and no doubt he will play regularly in the half-back position, especially as there is a vacancy.

GOLF GOSSIP.

The game of golf is attracting a good deal of attention just now, but faces are generally turned towards America. The Amateur Championship of America does not excite as much excitement as last year, when Harold Hilton was winning the title over there. At the time of putting these notes together, one can only get the cablegraphic intelligence regarding the championship. Such players as Travis, Travers, "Chick" Evans, Herrescholl, Byers, Gardner, and Schmidt are known to all who follow the biggest golf in all parts of the world. It will be remembered that Schmidt gave people a bit of a fright a few months ago, during the Amateur Championship in England and was very nearly rivalling Travis, the American, who, in 1904, did actually win the Amateur Championship in England.

Abe Mitchell, the 1912 amateur champion, was a much criticised player a few months ago, when it was noised abroad that he was going to accept a professional engagement to a private gentleman in connection with golf. It was said that Sir Abe Bailey was the gentleman who was engaging him. Because this bit of news was public property some thought that Abe Mitchell should not have entered for this year's amateur championship. Abe Mitchell is still an amateur, but he has caused to be published the fact that he does not intend to remain such longer than can be helped. The first opportunity he has given him of becoming attached to a public course as a professional he will accept the position. The rule about a golfing professional is not what he is going to be, but what he is or has been, and a man cannot be professionalised because he is determined, some time or other, to become a professional.

THE END OF CRICKET.

Cricket is only a very poor second in the month of September to football, and if cricket broke into the end of the football season, it would be a poor second then. Cricket has not the sensations characteristic of football, and the two games cannot possibly be compared. All cricketers enjoy football, but it cannot be said that all footballers enjoy cricket. County cricket is finished. It has been a great season, one of the very best for many a year. There is a lot of life in the game yet, and given good weather the game will look after itself. We could not very well do without some

competition, and it would appear that the present system of giving points is a good one. Drawn games cannot very well be prevented. The next best thing in recognising a win on the first innings is done and only three matches have been returned this season with no result. There has not been a case of a match being abandoned without a ball being bowled, and in the county championship alone last year there were five.

There have been 49 drawn games, but of those only three failed to provide a result on the first innings. Even 49 drawn matches form a small proportion, when we consider that during the last twelve years there have been only four seasons with a lower total. There were 48 in 1907, 43 in 1906 and 1910, and 35 in 1911. In 1903 there were 71 drawn games and only 83 finished, and last year there were 77 drawn games.

During the English football season there will be a certain amount of interest provided in cricket through the M.C.C. visit to South Africa. It looks as though the Colonials are preparing for defeat. A splendid combination is going out, but a lot will depend upon Barnes, that is assuming that the South African batting is anything like recent performances in South Africa suggest. It is just as likely as not that Barnes will find the same difficulty in preventing the ball from going over the stumps as Trumble and Lees did. If South Africa can maintain her supremacy on her own "brick fields," as some visitors have described the South African grounds, then she will have won back all the prestige she lost last season in England. Of course, Vogler and Faulkner have been the great strength of South Africa hitherto. Now Vogler is going out to South Africa again. One wonders if he will be able to [illegible] form between now and the arrival of the M.C.C. [illegible] he should, no doubt he will play. About Faulk[illegible] difficult to find out what he is going to do. [illegible] is getting as much cricket in England as he [illegible] one would assume that he is trying to get his [illegible] paratory to setting sail. Nous verrons!

AVIATION.

It has been decided to hold [illegible] a flying race from Paris to London, Hendon [illegible] proposed to decide this international [illegible] September 13th, cash prizes to the value of [illegible] trophy having been offered by the International Com[illegible] ence Schools, but, at the request of the Aero Club de Fra[illegible] the race has been postponed for a week or two in order [illegible] as many as possible French aviators may ente[illegible] suggestion the Royal Aero Club of the United Kingd[illegible] the I.C.S. have agreed, and the Aero Club de France [illegible] offered a very substantial additional prize. Already [illegible] British aviators, Messrs. Hamel, Hucks, Slack and [illegible] Temple, have entered, and it is likely that these will be [illegible] least twelve starters, including the principal French [illegible]

A representative of *Modern Life* was present in Lu[illegible] at Mr. H. Diamond's St. Leger draw. A feature of [illegible] day was the presence of twelve subscribers from differe[illegible] parts of the United Kingdom, whose names had been dr[illegible] on a previous occasion to receive a week's holiday in Swi[illegible] zerland at Mr. Diamond's expense—this being in addi[illegible] to the prizes advertised on that occasion. As usual, a[illegible] these gentlemen, and the Press representatives who were present, expressed their entire satisfaction with the manner in which the draw was conducted.

Small Urchin (timidly knocking at side door of cl[illegible] shop): Please will yer change these 'ere eggs; muvver [illegible] they're bad.

Shopkeeper: Yes, I'll change them, but how do I know your mother bought them here?

Small Urchin (very surprised at the intelligent questi[illegible] Well, she didn't, but the shop round the corner where [illegible] bought 'em is shut up, an' we ain't 'ad no breakfast [illegible]

OUR

Big Pension Prize

FOR FOOTBALL FORECASTS.

£2 A WEEK FOR LIFE

Not a single reader of "Modern Life" can afford to pass by this golden chance. A Coupon correctly filled in will make YOU independent for life. In addition to the prize mentioned above, we offer 10/- A WEEK FOR 12 MONTHS TO THE NEAREST CORRECT, and 5/- A WEEK FOR 12 MONTHS TO THE NEWSAGENT whose name and address appears on the coupon which is successful in securing the first prize. The Coupon, together with the conditions, on the back page, will also appear in our issues dated September 20th, September 27th, and October 4th.

YOU CAN SEND IN AS MA[illegible] COUPONS AS YOU LI[illegible]

and they must reach our offices not later than first post on Friday, Oct. 3rd.

FOR COUPONS & CONDITIONS SEE BACK PA[illegible]

Height and Money

IF you were taller, your income would be larger. Pause to think for a moment and you will see that it is so. Make out a list of the successful men whom you know, and you will find that nearly all of them are tall.

Why should this be the case? It is because many things besides talent go to make up success. One of the most important factors is the impression which you make upon other people, and nothing influences this impression so much as your height.

If you are short you may be quite popular but your personality cannot be convincing.

Smith, who is short, may be described by those who know him as "quite a good chap," but Brown, who is tall, is described as "a man with power behind him."

The reason why people credit him with power is because he is tall, and because his presence is therefore commanding.

By means of my special exercises I have increased the height of hundreds of students in all parts of the world, and I shall send any interested reader letters from them to prove my assertion, with the full names and addresses of the writers. Space is limited here, but the following are two of many similar testimonies to the efficacy of my methods:—

Miss E. L. (Muswell Hill), writes: "I now write to thank you for the benefit I have received both in health and height from your system. I have gained three inches in height."

E. P. W. (Wolverhampton writes: "Since adopting your course I have added approximately three inches to my height."

I do not ask you to make any drastic change in your diet, your smoking or your style of life, and all the time that you are required to devote to my exercises is ten minutes each morning and evening.

I use no drugs and no apparatus, and my exercises are of such a kind that there is no possibility of overstrain.

Write to me to-day, enclosing three penny stamps, for particulars of my unrivalled system.

ARTHUR GIRVAN,

The Six-foot Specialist,

Dept. M., 17, Stroud Green Road, London, N

STOCKS AND SHARES

BY "ORTHOS," THE FINANCIAL EDITOR.

There has been very little business doing in the stock markets during the last few days. The exception has been Canadian Pacifics and Grand Trunk junior issues.

* * *

Both these lines have enjoyed a sharp rise, especially Grand Trunk Third Pref., on the strong revenue statements recently published.

* * *

No support has been forthcoming for the Home Railway market, and the accident on the Midland Railway has served to increase the feeling of depression.

* * *

Great Easterns continue very weak, and the traffic return showing an increase of £6,000 has not helped matters. I consider, however, the stock is worth picking up at the present price of £51 10s.

* * *

South Eastern deferred has been the most favoured, and the stock is firm at £61.

* * *

Premier Pipes have damped the ardour of the professionals in the Oil Market, and the strike on the Spies and North Caucasian property has frightened the Bulls.

* * *

The Premier Pipe has paid a dividend at the rate of 10 per cent. on the Ordinary shares for the last two years, and two interim dividends of 2½ per cent. each for the current year.

* * *

According to the circular now issued by the directors, there is no likelihood of a final dividend being declared, so shareholders will have to be content with 5 per cent. for the current year, but as the shares are now quoted at about 10s. only, I should most decidedly say they are worth locking away.

* * *

The company's profits are much greater, but so also is the capital. The directors have decided to write off large sums for depreciation, and the balance of £166,333 will be utilised for further depreciation, cost of drilling new wells, and reserve.

* * *

The company is over-capitalised, but the shares are worth securing at ten shillings, as the company has a very large area of land for development, and is producing oil in considerable quantities.

* * *

I advise shareholders of Spies and North Caucasian not to be frightened out of their holdings on strike news. Spies are cheap at 22s.

* * *

The Shell Company is very busy buying up all oil companies worth purchasing, which it is possible to negotiate for successfully.

* * *

Next to the Rockefeller Combine, this company is the most important and prosperous in the oil group, and its £1 shares, although quoted now at £5 10s., will go much higher.

* * *

The Oil boom will come this winter certain.

* * *

Business in the Industrial market has failed to show any expansion.

* * *

Marconis have rallied to a moderate extent, and a good tone has been displayed by Brewery stocks, but readers must be very careful of their choice in this market.

* * *

There is still very little doing in mines. The most interesting news is that big houses like Wernher, Beit and Co. and the Consolidated Gold Fields of South Africa are about to enter the Oil field.

* * *

Rhodesians are the better market, and Chartereds are better at 22s. 6d. Giants have been a strong spot on a vague rumour of a favourable development, and Enterprises improved in sympathy.

* *

Sheba Gold 5s. shares can still be bought at par, and are worth purchasing.

I have received the following report from the secretary of the Rhodesian Central Gold Mining Co., Limited:—

"Manager, under date August 9th, reports:—Alexander Lode in No. 1 new shaft, 30ft. W. of old [illegible] is wider. Average 16dwts. over 20in.; looking very [illegible]

* *

GILT-EDGED INVESTMENTS.

I have received many appreciative letters from readers for introducing in this page one or two gilt-edged investments each week, and I have pleasure in quoting below [illegible] more high-class investment securities that should be taken advantage of at present market prices:—

Local Loans Three per Cent. Investment Stock, [illegible] yields £3 11s. per cent.

New South Wales Four per Cent. Stock at 99½, yields £4 1s. 3d. per cent.

London and North-Western Railway Three per Cent. Debenture Stock at 78¼, yields £3 17s. per cent.

Port of London Four per Cent. B Stock yields £4 2s. per cent. at 97.

ORTHOS.

* *

As space does not permit for

BRIEF REPLIES

this week I am replying to all applications by post.

THE FINANCIAL EDITOR WILL BE PLEASED TO ANSWER ANY ENQUIRY BY POST ON RECEIPT OF P.O. FOR SIXPENCE OR WIRE, ONE SHILLING.

A.B.C. GUIDE TO STOCK EXCHANGE

[illegible]

FARROW, GRAHAM & CO.
44, BANK STREET, MANCHESTER.

Shorthand [illegible] WORDS PER MINUTE IN SLOAN-DUPLOYAN

ONE MONTH
DUPLOYAN [illegible]
study. [illegible]
and LESSON free.—**SHORTHAND ASSOCIATION**
303, Holborn Hall, London, W.C.

GUIDE TO THE STOCK EXCHANGE

Stock Exchange Dealings carefully explained. Also How to save a Broker's Commissions with Higher [illegible] from Publishers.

JOHN HARRISON & Co., 8, Mason's Avenue, Coleman St.

MONEY is as necessary to you as [illegible] If you do not possess one of your own rent one; then why not rent some [illegible] porations and Companies appreciate the convenience of "renting" [illegible] rental. The following is a [illegible] cost, which is [illegible] You can acquire capital from us at [illegible] example of a "rental" of 15 months, [illegible] ally agreed upon:—

15 payments of £1 6s. 8d. repays £20
15 payments of £3 6s. 8d. repays £60
15 payments of £6 13s. 4d. repays £100

No security necessary. Your (approved) promissory [illegible] [illegible] £5 per annum per £100 loan. Bank [illegible]

CHARLES STEVENS, Ltd., 28, [illegible]

MISCELLANEOUS ADVERTISEMENTS

Wanted, early bound numbers of "Pa[illegible]" Box 4,009, "Modern Life," Farringdon [illegible] Street, London, E.C.

Develop Your Will-Power, Concentration, and Memory [illegible] St. Settef Course." *Modern Life*, says: "We cordially [illegible] mend this admirable system. Complete Course [illegible] Lessons), 2s 6d. Particulars free. The St. Settef [illegible] (Dept. M), Perth, N.B.

"Every Man a Creator," just out. A new [illegible] oneself along every line; interesting and [illegible] Send to-day 1s. 2d.—Talisman Publishing [illegible]

Gramophone, 20-guinea, handsome, [illegible] ton cabinet, height 4ft., record cupboard, [illegible] on wheels; purchased April; with records, [illegible] willingly.—3, Aubert Park, Highbury, London.

RACING.

BY "OLD HAND."

We have only two meetings before us this week, Doncaster starting on Tuesday and lasting over Friday, and Alexandra Park as usual finishing up the week on Saturday.

The Tetrarch and Stornaway are due to compete for the Champagne Stakes on Tuesday. The latter was sent to run for the Breeders' Foal Stakes at Derby, but when it was found that Mr. McCalmont's grey was a certain starter, Mr. Hulton decided to reserve his colt for the Doncaster race. The meeting of our crack two-year-olds should be well worth seeing, but

THE TETRARCH

should be returned the winner.

Wednesday's and also the race of the week is the St. Leger Stakes. It is now stated that Pilliwinkie will not run and that the Manton stable will be represented by Curragh and Lovewood, the former being the better, the probable list of starters and jockeys being: Aghdoe, Maher; Arda, Earl; Addenda, Wal. Griggs; Amoy, Martin; Burlingham, Whalley; Bachelor's Wedding, Donoghue; Curragh, Piper; Harry of Hereford, F. Wootton; Jameson, Foy; Kingsborough, Wm. Griggs; Lovewood, Robbins; Louvois, Saxby; Night Hawk, Wheatley; Roseworthy, Higgs; Taslett, J. Clark; Willy Nilly, W. Huxley; Young Pegasus, Rickaby.

In the Eclipse Stakes Louvois finished a length in front of Bachelor's Wedding, with Roseworthy fourth. I fail to see how Persse's pair are going to turn the table on Mr. Raphael's colt, who is undoubtedly the "book" horse. In making a final choice I shall stick to

AGHDOE,

who it is claimed has improved tremendously.

The Doncaster Cup is due to be decided on the concluding day of the northern meeting, and if, as is likely, Stedfast, Aleppo, Hector, Long Set, Cavalry and Florist are seen in opposition, a great race should be the outcome with such fine stayers competing. Without going into the respective claims I shall expect

STEDFAST

to prove his superiority.

The principal handicap of the week is the Great Yorkshire, run on the opening day of the St. Leger meeting. Gilpin, the Clarehaven Lodge trainer, can choose from Lance Chest, Verney and Augur. Personally, I favour the claims of the first mentioned, who has been awarded top weight with 9st. to shoulder. It will be remembered that Major Eustace Loder's four-year-old won the Princess of Wales' Stakes over a mile and a half at the first July fixture at headquarters. Later he finished third in the Goodwood Cup, and can be depended upon to stay the distance here. Hector should figure prominently if saddled here instead of being reserved for the Cup on Friday. The Tylt seems lightly weighted for a Northumberland Plate winner, and with the stable in such fine form Lord Derby's daughter of Spearmint and Altcar appears certain to run well. With Aye-Aye unlikely to compete, and Dallington sold to lead Junior in his work, I like Bundook best of the remainder. He is a good stayer, but as Escott once had him under his charge the Lewes trainer should know whether Hector is capable of accounting for Mr. Raphael's staying son of Fowlingpiece. Whroo is a difficult horse for a boy to manage, and Ambrol should do better in the Stand Selling Handicap to-day. For the probable winner I shall stand

THE TYLT.

My other selections are:

DONCASTER—Tuesday.

Glasgow Nursery: Bugler Boy.
Stand Handicap: Happy Johnny.

Wednesday.

Bradgate Park Nursery: Cascatel.
Cleveland Handicap: Percival Keene.

Thursday.

Portland Handicap: Hornet's Beauty.
Wharncliffe Handicap: Bentley.

Friday.

Prince of Wales' Nursery: St. Spasa.
Westmorland Handicap: The Pict.

ALEXANDRA PARK—Saturday.

Hornsey Plate: Laracor.
Muswell Plate: Vinilla.

"Gale's Special"

The "SPECIAL" that Guarantees Your Success.

"Fewer Selections and more Winners than any of its rivals." *Vide The Sportsman.*

PROOF! PROOF! PROOF!

It must be distinctly understood that **the Editor of "Gale's Special"** deals exclusively with two races a day, **never giving more than two selections** for each day's racing. Since the commencement of the Flat-Racing Season this year to the end of August there have been.

130 Racing Days

and during that time **"Gale's Special"** has given no less than

188 Winning Selections,

which have included **LOUVOIS** (25 pts.) for the Two Thousand Guineas; **KLEINFONTEIN** (10 pts.) for the Payne Stakes; **LORENZO** (4½ pts.) for the Manchester Cup; **ST. MERIADOC** (12½ pts.) for the Stewards' Handicap; **GREAT SURPRISE** (5 pts.) for the Windsor Castle Handicap; **LOMOND** (3 pts.) for the Trial Stakes; **RIVOLI** (14 pts.) for the Alexandra Handicap; **DIADUMENOS** (10 pts.) for the July Handicap; **PICTORIAL** (7 pts.) for the Great Kingston T.Y.O. Plate; **POTENCY** (10 pts.) for the Wistow Hall Breeders' Foal Plate; **LONG SET** (2½ pts.) for the Liverpool Cup, **CATMINT** (12½ pts) for the Goodwood cup, and **STORNOWAY** for the Gimcrack Stakes.

It has been such results as these that have inclined the whole of the Sporting Press of Great Britain to favourable comment upon the "Special that guarantees your success," and which led **The Sportsman** to remark that **Gale's Special "gives fewer selections and more winners than any of its rivals."**

To every reader of "Modern Life" enclosing this paragraph, together with 15s. we will send post free in plain sealed envelope all copies of "GALE'S SPECIAL" to the end of the season; all occasional Private Letters sent out; and next Saturday's Tattersall's Ring Wire.

Look at Recent Wire Triumphs!

SVETEC (6 pts.); **MEDIATOR** (4½ pts.); **GREAT SURPRISE** (5 pts.); **AMADOR** (6 pts.); **DALLINGTON** (8 pts.); **RIVOLI** (14 pts.); **SOLPRUFE** (8 pts.); **CASSIM** (12½ pts.); **SANTAIR** (4 pts.); **BUCKSTEAD** (7 pts.); **SHOLEBROKE** (5 pts.); **DIADUMENOS** (10 pts.); **HORNET'S BEAUTY** (4 pts.); **HALIFAX** (7 pts.), etc.

Post Office proofs produced if necessary.

Sportsmen requiring unequalled and sterling intelligence should subscribe for

Gale's Primus Wire

The Most Successful Service Ever Inaugurated.

The charge for this Special "Gale's" Primus Wire is TWENTY-FIVE POUNDS PER MESSAGE. It amounts to this, ONE SELECTION ONLY—THE BEST SELECTION THAT MONEY, BRAINS, AND INFLUENCE CAN PROCURE.

As a Special Offer to "Modern Life" readers we will send the next Special Primus Wire from Warwick, on Tuesday, September 16th, upon receipt of £10, instead of the usual charge of £25.

and unless the selection sent out is successful, and at reasonable odds, we guarantee to send you **one of our famous Tattersall's Ring Wires entirely free of charge.** On the other hand, should the selection win at the odds of not less than 8 to 1 against, subscribers, will, of course, forward the balance of £15.

Note that our ONLY address is:—

"Gale's Special,"

Ruskin Buildings, Birmingham.

Telegraphic Address: "WINNERS, Birmingham."

DIAMOND'S LEGER DRAW

The drawing was controlled by twelve subscribers and four prominent pressmen. At the conclusion of the drawing they all signed a declaration which said:—"That the business of H. Diamond is quite straight is beyond all doubt, and in the face of this declaration, any person who attacks its bona-fides is either deliberately dishonest or strangely lacking in intelligence."

The names are as follows:—

Special Commissioner of JOHN BULL, London.
Ernest Gaskill, Managing Director, MIRROR OF LIFE, London.
G. D. Magin, Director of MODERN LIFE, London.
H. Hewitt Griffin, SPORTS OFFICIAL, Putney, London.
W. Bartley, 29, Dulwich Village, London.
A. P. Bowen, Bremen House, Milton Place, Gravesend.
E. Dillon, 35, Portland Place, Devonport.
J. W. Faulkner, 6, New King Street, Deptford, London.
R. J. Ingledew, 4, New King Street, Deptford, London.
F. Megson, Earlsheaton, Dewsbury.
C. Pankhurst, 15, Hawks Wood, Hailsham, Sussex.
A. Taylor, Brook Bank, Godstone, Surrey.
R. S. Whitelaw, 1, Harbour Road, Musselburgh.
J. Whitelaw, 116, New Street, Musselburgh.
C. Wooff, High Street, Crowthorne, Berks.
G. Wray, 45, Eccles Road, Clapham Common, London.

£1,000 FOR THE WINNER

£200 for the Second

£100 for the Third.

The holder of each ticket drawing a starter will receive a ten guinea gold watch and a £10 note. A ten guinea gold watch for each ticket drawing a non-starter. A prize for each of the 170 horses entered, and 3,200 consolation prizes. Space only allows us to give the most likely horses. The official result sheet contains full details.

NAME OF HORSE.	TICKET NO.	PURCHASER'S NAME AND ADDRESS.
ADDENDA	A 24615	H. Jones, 13a, Lawrence Street, Workington, Cumberland.
AGHDOE	B 28302	L. A. Pilgrim, 31, Plympton Road, Brondesbury, N.W.
ANMER	E 70218	A. Newell, 28, Gordon Road, Southend-on-Sea.
ARDA	F 46315	Wm. McCarthy, 12, English Grounds, Tooley Street, E.C.
BACHELOR'S WEDDING ..	B 44683	A. Lansdowne, 165, Hill Lane, Southampton.
BIRLINGHAM	F 04402	G. Joint, Blackadon, Nr. Ivybridge, Devon.
CANTILEVER	F 10794	Wm. Sanderson, 36, Southampton Street, Bedford Place, Southampton.
HARRY OF HEREFORD ..	E 53838	C. Blighton, 18, Frinton Road, East Ham, E.
JAMESON	B 61961	Mrs. E. Bridger, 50, Dartmouth Road, Brondesbury, N.W.
LOUVOIS	F 37744	A. Ebert, 17, Farrant Street, Queen's Park, London, W.
NIGHT HAWK	B 04900	G. W. Webb, Market Place Chambers, Reading.
ROSEWORTHY	F 03788	Th. Rose, 44, St. John's Street, Winchester, Hants.
TASLETT	D 47378	A. Ashton, 78, Queen Street, Nantyglo, Mon.
THE FIELD	D 67131	R. Wark, 42, Wellfield Street, Springburn, Glasgow.
WHITE MAGIC	A 62041	T. Sandalls, The School Lane, Cookham Dean, Berks.

H. DIAMOND, LUCERNE, SWITZERLAND.

Letter Postage 2½d. Postcards 1d.

HE OUTER MAN.

By CAPTAIN L. H. SAUNDERS.

owing up some remarks in a recent issue as to what ers could and should do for their tailors, has it ever you that in paying cash down for clothes you are ly acting as a benefactor to the tradesman, but you acting in your own interest?

think it over you are bound to see that the tailor d a certain percentage to the price of a suit where even moderately short credit, is involved, as against on or before delivery."

* * *

erstand that cash tailors have a trade term for the rocess. They call it "the long and short arm." The rm holds the parcel, and the long one has a hand en palm for the money.

* * *

tailor who gives credit must have a book-keeping ent, have some account collecting organisation, re- stock of stationery, and has a considerable postage nthly or quarterly.

ddition to these items there is interest on all moneys ing, and finally the chance, if not the strong prob- of at least some bad debts.

* * *

ailor, to be a commercial success as well as a sartorial must have a strain of accountancy in him, as in arriv- the actual cost of a suit he must take price of cloth, ings, of workmanship; add to the total of these a ge to cover working expenses, such as rent and ghting, assistants, etc., and then to all this still percentage to cover book-keeping expenses, interest, debts.

ould not be surprised if the latter items would, in a of cases, amount to a twenty per cent. necessary on cost.

ch case, the tailor in deciding what is to be the selling a certain garment has up to him the fact that his ice for this, sold for credit, is sixty shillings, as cost price for cash sale fifty shillings; and this differ- credit customer has to meet.

man, therefore, who intends to pay for his suit is deal with the cash tailor. In that case he is paying dit, not for a suit plus a lot of book-keeping ex- and interest and his proportion of a suit the other ays, but does not pay for.

* * *

most ingenious, if rather unscrupulous, method of the cash tailors that I have heard of was perpetrated perous-looking, but lanky and attenuated man, with ery slim purse, upon a worthy tradesman in the pro-

lly individual ordered a suit of a rather pronounced ttern, and his air of importance, his ultra particu- to details, and the repeated tryings-on quite deceived unate tailor, who thought he had gained a more lly desirable client. When the suit was finished, in- were given to send it home with invoice, and a would forthwith be sent on.

ailor demurred, and stated haltingly that the rules tablishment only permitted of prepayment arrange- that should any slight alteration be found desirable w days' wear, such would be attended to cheerfully, and free of charge, etc.

However, the customer was adamant, so was the tailor, the customer bounced out of the shop in a rage, and the suit was slung over the window rail, marked for sale at half price.

Mr. Impecunious observed the latter fact, sent an accomplice of moderately similar build to buy the suit, and was afterwards seen by the tailor wearing the unfortunate trio of garments—for all this happened in a comparatively small town.

YOUR EVENING'S PLEASURE AT HOME.

Provide for the long evenings; give yourself and the boys a chance to enjoy them by purchasing one of

RILEY'S BILLIARD TABLES.

Made in every size—a size to suit every room and every size in perfect proportion. Prices from £3/7/6. A handy size is 6ft. 4in. at **£5/5/0.** Riley's Combard and Dining Tables from £13/10/0. Cash or easy prices include all accessories, free delivery to nearest station in United Kingdom, and 7 days' free trial.

On receipt of postcard full detailed illustrated Catalogue.

RILEY, Levant Mills, ACCRINGTON.

London Showroom: 147, Aldersgate Street, E.C.

Don't Be Known as "Little So-and-So."

A fine, tall, well-developed man invariably gets on in the world because he impresses his personality on all with whom he comes in contact. The short, insignificant-looking man, on the other hand, generally passes unnoticed, or else is dismissed with the casual title of **"Little-So-and-So."**

There is so little difference between a short man and a tall one. A man of 5 foot 7 inches is short; a man of 5 foot 10 inches is tall. Think of it! Three inches make all the difference!

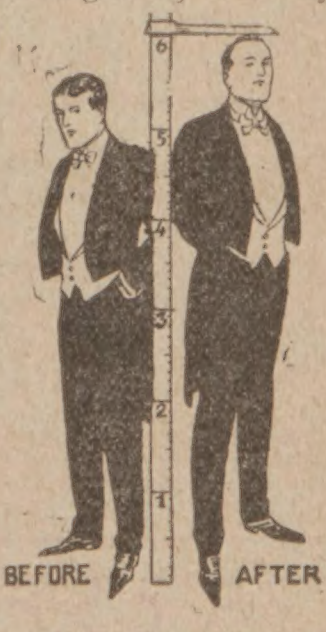
I CAN PUT THOSE THREE INCHES ON TO YOU

by means of my wonderful course of Height Increase which involves

NO DRUGS, NO CHANGE OF HABITS, AND NO APPARATUS.

It will, if carried out correctly according to my eminently lucid and simple Course of Exercises, add from

TWO TO THREE INCHES TO YOUR HEIGHT IN THREE MONTHS!



Bear this in mind! Mine is not the usual system, easily compiled by any person, possibly quite illiterate, from any book on physical culture. I am a man who has made a study of the subject. I am

A SPECIALIST IN HEIGHT INCREASE.

Mark well, moreover, that my course not only increases your Height, but adds proportionately to your

BREADTH, CHEST DEVELOPMENT AND GENERAL HEALTH.

In this way I make you a Perfect Man, in every sense of the word.

Send your name and address, together with two penny stamps, for full particulars to—

PROFESSOR NEVILLE PROWSE,
3, North End Chambers, CROYDON.

N.B.—Ladies should send two Penny Stamps for particulars of my HEIGHT AND BEAUTY course.

Over 1,000 Testimonials. **REMOVE ALL UNSIGHTLY BAGGINESS BY USING THE SIMPLEX**

In Polished 6-ply Oak, **5/9**

Carriage paid U.K. per Parcels Post, 11lbs. **Extra Heavy Press** to take 6 pair in 8-ply Oak, Heavily nickel-plated fittings, **8/6** carriage paid, weight 14 lbs.

WHY PAY MIDDLE PROFITS? Trouser Pressers and Stretchers, in handsome unbreakable 6-ply POLISHED OAK **Heavily Plated Fly Nuts and Powerful Steel Crossbars as shown.** Full length. Take 4 pairs, **Guaranteed 5 years, sent on 7 days' approval,** Post dated Cheque or Money Order can be sent for appro. Send for Illustrated List Free. **A superior shaped Coat Hanger, 6d. extra, if bought with Press.**

SIMPLEX MANUFACTURING Co. (H CLIPSON, Manager).
66, BALHAM HILL, LONDON, S.W.

HOW TO PRESERVE STRENGTH AND RETAIN THE POWERS

If you have wrecked your Nerves by OVERWORK or WORRY, and you feel weak, worn out, or jaded, send 4d. for my book, "Nervous Breakdowns," and you will find it the most profitable of all literature you now possess. Thousands who have read it acclaim it to be "worth its weight in gold."

It will teach you more in fifteen minutes than you will gain in years by experience. It is a valuable, instructive and interesting treatise on the Cause and Cure of Nervous Breakdown, Mental Exhaustion, Depression of Spirits, General Weakness, Waste of Vitality, and Loss of Power in Men.

The most popular and practical treatise published on the Laws governing Life, with Special Chapters on Flagging of the Powers. Contains valuable remarks to Weak and Nervous Men on how to preserve the Health, regain Strength, and restore the Powers when lost.

To the inexperienced no other work contains so much helpful or sensible advice or will prove so interesting and instructive to those who desire to preserve their Strength, build up the whole Nervous System, or restore their Failing Energies. It will be sent in a plain sealed envelope to any address on receipt of Four Penny Stamps.

Address—CHARLES GORDON,
No. 24, GORDONHOLME DISPENSARY, BRADFORD, YORKS
(Copyright). *(Registered).*

Our Second Grand Football Competiti

WHAT READERS HAVE TO DO TO WIN £2 A WEEK FOR LIFE.

On this page is given an entry form containing the names of football clubs engaged in matches on Saturday, October 4th, and first prize of £2 a week you have to draw a line in ink through the name of the club you forecast will lose. Where you predict leave in names of both teams. To the reader from whom we receive an entrance form showing the correct results of the matches the coupon we will award £2 a week for life. In the event of no set of forecasts received representing the whole of the correct results, 10s. a week for twelve months will be paid to the competitor whose effort is nearest correct. Entry forms must be filled up in ink; erasions or alterations will disqualify the form; and in the event of a tie or ties, the prizes will be divided.

CONDITIONS GOVERNING THE COMPETITION.

(1) On the coupon appearing on this page you will find the names of teams playing in twenty matches on Saturday, October 4th. Cross out the names of the teams you predict will lose. Where you forecast a draw don't cross out either name.

(2) Having done this, fill in your name and address in the space provided, cut out the entrance form and send it addressed to MODERN LIFE, No. 2 Football Competition, Farringdon House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C. The entrance form must reach us not later than first post on Friday, October 3rd. Any arriving later will be disqualified.

(3) Readers can send in as many coupons as they like. No employee of the firm can enter the competition.

(4) The prize of £2 a week for life will be awarded to the competitor whose Entry Form represents the correct solutions of all the matches played, but if the whole of the twenty matches are not played the £2 a week for life prize will be reduced to one of 10s. a week for 12 months.

(5) In the event of no Entrance Form containing all correct solutions, 10s. a week for 12 months will be paid to the sender of the Entrance Form nearest to the correct results.

(6) In the event of a tie, or ties, in this Competition, the prizes will be equally divided.

(7) No responsibility will be accepted by the Editor for the loss or non-delivery of any effort, and evidence of posting will not be accepted as evidence of receipt.

(8) No correspondence will be entered into in connection with the competition, neither will interviews be granted.

(9) Any coupon on which any alteration of any description has been made or fictitious name given will be disqualified.

(10) Scottish readers who are domiciled in Scotland are precluded from entering this competition, and no coupon bearing a Scottish address can be accepted.

MODERN LIFE FOOTBALL CONTEST.—No

Matches to be played on Saturday, October 4th. Cross o in ink—the name of the team you forecast will *lose*. For a dra not cross out either name.

BLACKBURN	v. DERBY COUNTY.
BOLTON WANDERERS	v. NEWCASTLE UNITED.
MANCHESTER UNITED	v. TOTTENHAM HOTSPUR.
SHEFFIELD WEDNESDAY	v. LIVERPOOL.
WEST BROMWICH ALBION	v. ASTON VILLA.
CHELSEA	v. PRESTON NORTH END.
BLACKPOOL	v. LINCOLN CITY.
CLAPTON ORIENT	v. NOTTS COUNTY.
GLOSSOP	v. BRADFORD.
LEEDS	v. LEICESTER.
STOCKPORT	v. FULHAM.
WOOLWICH ARSENAL	v. BURY.
CRYSTAL PALACE	v. SWINDON.
GILLINGHAM	v. PORTSMOUTH.
PLYMOUTH ARGYLE	v. WEST HAM UNITED.
READING	v. BRISTOL ROVERS.
SOUTHEND UNITED	v. QUEEN'S PARK RANGERS.
WATFORD	v. EXETER.
COVENTRY	v. CARDIFF.
NORWICH C.	v. MILLWALL.

I agree to abide by the conditions governing this Competition, an accept as final the result published in *Modern Life*. I enter Competition on this distinct understanding.

Signature .....

Address.....

Newsagent's Name.....

Address .....

SEND IN AS MANY COUPONS AS YOU LIKE.

WINNER OF £1,000:

Mr. R. P. Weeks, 50, Bailey Street, Brynmawr, Brecon, S. Wales.

WINNERS OF £500:

E. M. Hughes, Tan-Lan, Bethesda, N. Wales; C. J. Goulter, 1, St. George's Road, Kingston Hill; W. Hargrave, Royal Marine Infirmary, Deal; J. J. Richards, 9, Shannon Grove, Brixton, S.W.; A. B. Wyatt, 3, Falmer Road, Enfield, Middlesex; W. H. Blackshaw, The Lea, Denham, Bucks.; C. Colchin, Junr., Woolpack Inn, Iwade, Kent; F. Smith, 241, High Street, Porth, Glam.; T. Phillips, 34, The Park, Treharris; W. H. Cowdery, Forester's Arms, Coxgreen, Maidenhead; B. Ainley, 10, Hamilton Street, Old Trafford, Manchester.

WINNER OF £200:

C. M. Davies, Whitby House, Priory Hill, Milford Haven

"JOHN BULL" on Feb. 1st stated: "Each sweep promoted by H. DIAMOND is absolutely straight."

THE "MIRROR OF LIFE" says: "H. DIAMOND holds an enviable position for straight dealing."

H. DIAMOND

LUCERNE SWITZERLAND

LETTER POSTAGE 2½d. POST CARDS 1d.

Printed and Published by Bowerman's Press, Ltd., Farringdon House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C. Annual Subscription, 8s. 8d., sent to MODERN LIFE Subscription Department, Farringdon House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C. Sole Agents for Canada: Gordon & Gotch, London, Australia, Canada, etc. South Africa: The Central News Agency, Ltd.